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FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

JULY 1977 \$2.25

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Anniversary
Issue**



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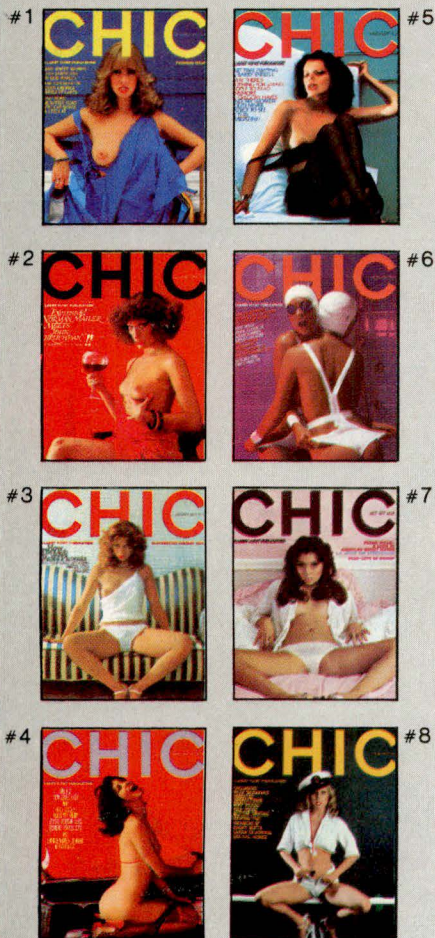
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SHOW & TELL

Cover by Suze Randall

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Despite attempts to muzzle us, HUSTLER moves into its fourth year with fangs bared and ready for action. We lead off by tearing into part two of **THE CINCINNATI WITCH-HUNT**, Executive Editor **BRUCE DAVID**'s concluding excerpt from a book being written about the HUSTLER trial. This final episode is illustrated by **GARY HALLGREN**, who had some legal hassles himself for parodying Disney characters in the underground comic *Air Pirates*.

HUSTLER's phenomenal success has allowed us to channel a lot of money back into the magazine. For example, we flew free-lance writer **MICHAEL RANDOLPH** to seven cities and gave him *carte blanche* to check out the nearby nudist camps. We topped that off by hiring cartoonist **RIK MEYEROWITZ** to illustrate **THE NAKED TRUTH**, our consumers' guide to sun worshipping. Rick's work has ranged from assignments for *Esquire* and *National Lampoon* to ads on the sides of New York City buses.

Not only can we garner the work of top-notch illustrators like Meyerowitz, but we can also attract journalists of the caliber of **STEPHEN BARBER**, Washington bureau chief for the London *Daily Telegraph*. We dispatched Barber in search of Arab oil dollars to verify rumors they were being used to buy up America. Egyptian-born Barber gives us the inside story on **ARAB MONEY: THE INVASION THAT NEVER HAPPENED**.

Another fine writer that HUSTLER has been able to showcase is poet and author **CHARLES BUKOWSKI**. **WORKOUT**, Bukowski's third short story for HUSTLER, vividly describes those violent, spur-of-the-moment confrontations that make Bukowski's life a model of overindulgence, depravity and good times.

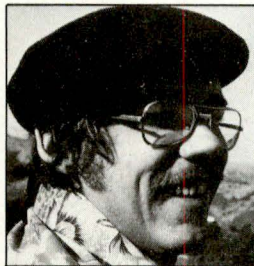
Keeping in mind how Bukowski goes all out for a good story, HUSTLER staffers aren't about to be outdone and often go to great lengths to meet our tough standards. For example, Associate Editor **TIM CONAWAY** laid his sex life on the line to undergo male sterilization. The former eastern Kentucky newspaper reporter and staff short guy presents a firsthand account of his operation in **VASECTOMY: THE UNKIND CUT**, this month's *Sex Play*.

To keep our standards high, HUSTLER has added more top-quality talent to our staff. **FRANK DeLIA**, a native New Yorker, brings five years of experience as a free-lance photographer and studio operator to HUSTLER's photo editor position. **BILL SKURSKI**, founding art director of *National Lampoon* and former art director for *International Insanity* and Cloud Studios, joins our staff as associate art director.

So enjoy our anniversary issue, and remember, it's all right to drool on your birthday suit.

—Althea Flynt

Associate Publisher/Editorial Director



Gary Hallgren



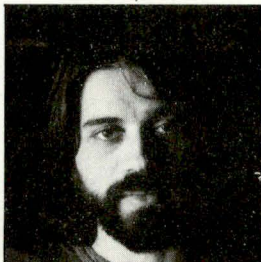
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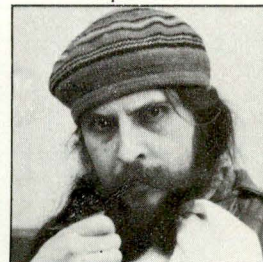
Stephen Barber



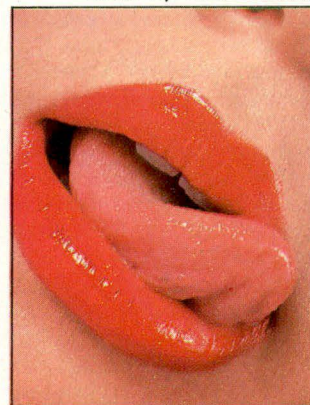
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Frank DeLIA



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HUSTLER

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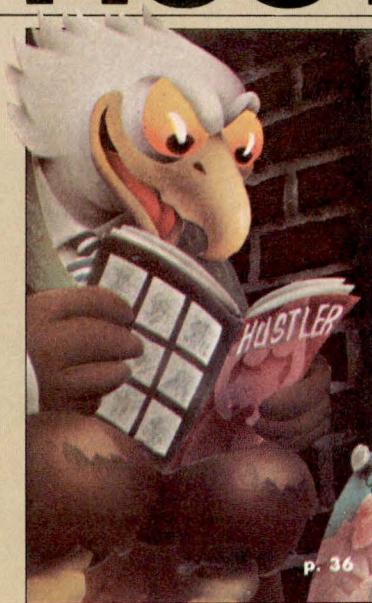
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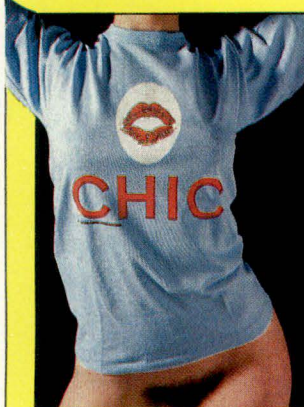
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JULY 1977

VOLUME 4

NUMBER 1

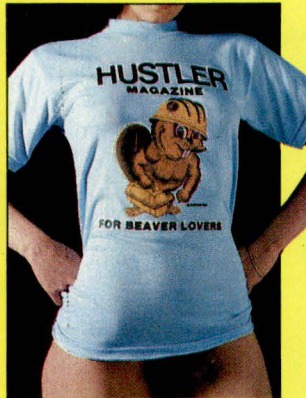
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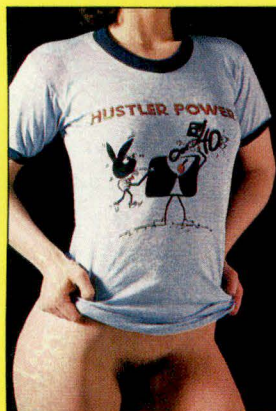
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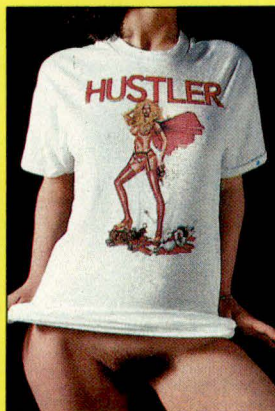
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HUSTLER

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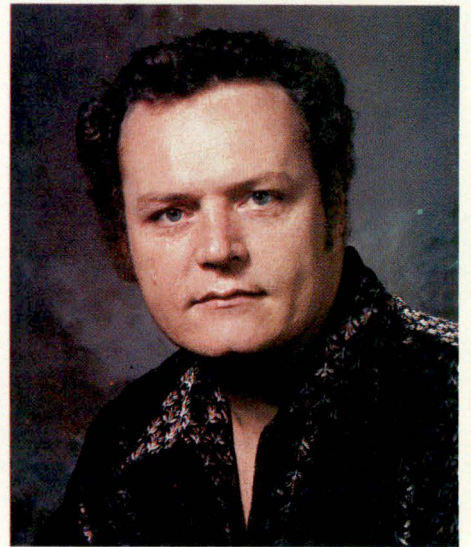
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Gay Rights



Should homosexuals have equal rights? This is a question that has literally torn our country apart in recent years. But unlike the issue of equal rights for blacks or women, politicians and the media have been reluctant to take a stand on gay rights, perhaps out of fear of being identified with a group of people considered "sick" by a large segment of society. All fears aside, I feel it is time that HUSTLER take a position on the issue. That position is one of full support for the gays.

Although HUSTLER's market is basically heterosexual and we do not run articles advocating homosexuality, we *do* condone it simply because we feel that all forms of sexual expression are protected by the First Amendment. The Constitution was not drafted to protect only heterosexuals; it was meant to protect everybody: hetero, homo or bi.

As I see it, we are moving more and more toward a bisexual world. And there is a large body of research that supports this idea. After my conviction in Cincinnati, I was contacted by social scientists from all over the country who offered their help and outlined their theories on modern sexuality. One campus survey indicated that one out of seven students, both male and female, were either practicing homosexuals

or bisexuals, a noteworthy increase over figures from surveys previously conducted. This increase was not attributed to permissiveness, but to the feminist movement. Much of the philosophy behind the women's movement encourages women to seek sexual gratification through masturbation or lesbianism. As a form of ego protection, men have reacted by relating similarly to other men. Right or wrong, good or bad, this survey proves a point: that young people today are not only more sexually liberated, but that sexual attitudes are changing.

On the other hand, lawmakers, jurists and a large part of the general public don't seem to share this enlightened attitude. The people who would ban sexually explicit material are the same ones who would deny housing and job opportunities to homosexuals. These people argue—out of ignorance—that homosexuals molest children or that homosexuality is "catching," and on that lame premise they work to pass laws banning what they don't understand. As I have stated in the past, only when we eliminate sexual ignorance will America poke its head into the 20th century in regard to sexual attitudes.

This is all the more reason why the present administration should take action to reestablish the Com-

mission on Obscenity and Pornography. In addition to documenting and verifying all the research currently being done in the private sector, the new commission would determine exactly what effect these changing attitudes are having on society—how Americans feel about the concept of obscenity and if exposure to sexually explicit material is harmful. But above all, this research would give us a better understanding of our sexuality. Therefore, I would again like to encourage every HUSTLER reader to write his congressman, senator and the president, urging them to push for establishment of a new commission.

I have long held that all forms of sexual repression are bad, and private research supports this view. But we can hope for little change until the present antiquated obscenity laws are removed from the books. This can only be accomplished through pressure brought on the politicians by the American people. Only then will there be total sexual freedom for all Americans.

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Larry Flynt".

Editor & Publisher

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FEEDBACK

OK, I'll admit it. Someone has to take that first step, so here goes: I HEREBY DECLARE THAT I READ HUSTLER.

There, it's done and I can already feel the relief of coming out and no longer being a closet reader. I realize that I may shock some of my family and friends, but they'll just have to accept me as I am.

As far as I know, I have suffered no ill effects from reading Larry Flynt's magazine. I do not rape women, molest children or violate animals. I have not yet vomited because of the contents of HUSTLER, nor have I joined any of those righteous crusades dedicated to banning it. You see, I do not take HUSTLER seriously, and I find it difficult to believe that there are people who do.

HUSTLER provides me with plenty of laughs. To those who wonder if nothing is sacred, I would only say that anyone who feels threatened by HUSTLER has problems that won't be solved by merely banning it. I mean really, how can anyone in his right mind actually believe HUSTLER is dangerous? Flynt is only guilty of satirizing America's obsession with sex.

Let's face it, we are a nation of hypocrites. The generation before us spent Friday nights in the firehouse watching hard-core stag films while attempting to silence Lenny Bruce, suppress the genius

OUT OF THE CLOSET

of Henry Miller and William Burroughs, and the creativity of D. H. Lawrence. Yes, those firehouse crusaders and their double standards have caused more sexual hang-ups among our populace than all of the pornography ever published or filmed.

The time has come for a little honesty. Before the late 60s, a toilet bowl was never shown on television or in the movies. Yet, as far as I know, every red-blooded American goes to the bathroom. Why then was that accepted fact suppressed so long? Is going potty something we should be ashamed of? Part of the attack against Larry Flynt is that he shows feces and urine in his cartoons, yet no one seems to mind that the advertising community depicts people getting off while squeezing the Charmin. Flynt's magazine is not sold to children, but Charmin commercials have made Mr. Whipple a household name to both children and adults.

The main thrust of the attack of crusaders against pornography is that children must be protected from exposure to such material as is published in HUSTLER, and I couldn't agree more. If I'm not mistaken, Flynt also agrees. Though I admire this belief, I find it to be somewhat inconsistent. While some of us

are so busy protecting our children from nude women and "dirty words," the television is not only bombarding them with every kind of violence imaginable, but it is implanting subliminal sexual messages by the thousands through commercials.

—Use after-shave and you'll get laid.

—Don't have a smelly pussy, use vaginal deodorant.

—Try mouthwash; you'll definitely score.

How can anyone dare let our children believe such crap? Still, little is being done to protect them from such abuse.

I have purposely not gone into the constitutional violations of convicting Larry Flynt because such incidents are par for the course. We can go to war, but we refuse to acknowledge the horrors of such actions. We ban saccharin because it *may* cause cancer, yet we permit cigarettes to be sold even though we know they *do* cause cancer. The inconsistencies and hypocrisies of our society can never be overestimated; so when a Larry Flynt or an Al Goldstein is convicted, it really comes as no surprise. Perhaps man was never really meant to be free. Too bad we'll never really know. We are too busy cutting our own throats to realize that the enemy we are battling is us.

Harald Kasper
Reston, Virginia

CREAMING FOR ITALIAN

Congratulations on *Nicole: Italian Dressing* (May 1977 issue). She's the greatest yet. I loved Nicole's "hole." She tops it all. What the hell are you going to do for the rest of the year? You should have saved her for dessert. I can only say how pleased we were you didn't.

If Larry's guilty of anything, it's of cornering the best pussy in the world and then showing it to his readers.

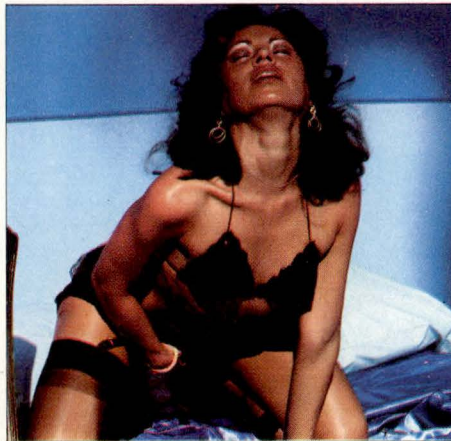
D. Norman Lee
Indianapolis, Indiana

ELECTRIFYING RESPONSE

Your prison issue (May 1977) was by far my favorite. Any magazine that can keep my ass out of the sack past my bedtime, reading instead of fiddling with my dork, has got to be super bad. In my expert opinion, every article was worth reading, but Jay Levin's piece on the death penalty put sumpthin' on the kid's mind.

Je-zus Christ!! I did a stretch in the Sycamore jail, Sycamore, Illinois, back in 1972. The six hours I spent in those funky cells with leaky toilets, a shit-stained, one-inch thick mattress, forty-one-card deck and an unidentifiable meat sandwich were enough to make me feel sorry for all those chumps who are in far worse places, especially if they are innocent, as I was.

Larry, if going to jail inspires you to get



down to put together a bad-ass magazine, then maybe you should spend some time in a mental institution. It would produce some interesting results and a great issue.

Bruse Anthony Bell
Chicago, Illinois

I'm a regular reader and have generally agreed with everything you say in your publications. However, I do not agree with Jay Levin's article about the death penalty. Personally, I believe that the death penalty should be legal in all parts of the world. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth! When you even attempt murder you should be considered incurably sick and put to death. Murderers are nothing but sick scum who should pay in one way only—death. Taxpayers should not pay for the upkeep of criminals.

Jeff Albertson
Monroe, Wisconsin

Hot Damn! At last a magazine that has seen the light. Your article on banning the death penalty hit the nail on the head. Next, let's give murderers new Cadillacs and \$40,000 each. They deserve it, don't they? So what if some dumb clerk got in the way of a robber's .45 when he decided to clean it during the course of a robbery. Isn't it my right to waste whomever I choose?



Taking a life is not right, moral, good or anything else you want to call it. Any lowlife scum who kills another in the heat of passion or during a robbery, or for drugs or kicks, should be shot, hanged, stabbed or torn apart by wild horses ten days after his conviction. So FUCK your condemned prisoners. I was glad Gilmore got it.

You shitbags can go on pleading for the rights of the oppressed murderers. You deserve each other.

Ned M.
Houston, Texas

I am 19 years old and in jail. I was reading your May 1977 issue and have to admit it's the best yet. Your article on capital punishment (*Execution: Legalized Murder*) by Jay Levin shows the real side of the issue. Cruel is not the word for capital punishment—barbaric is. Lenny Bruce once pointed out that all the good Christians who condone capital punishment should quit bitchin' about Christ getting nailed up.

Bill Spence
Ford County Jail
Dodge City, Kansas

PROSECUTION AND DEFENSE

Mr. Flynt, I hope you realize your kind of publication has caused many people to spend a lifetime in mental institutions or to kill themselves because they're mixed up

and sick of living. You see, between ages 7 and 11, I was sexually abused by my stepfather. When I grew older and asked why he'd done it, he told me it all started when he began buying magazines like yours. He was so turned on by what he saw, he needed the real thing.

Your lawyer, Herald Fahringer, said on the *Phil Donahue Show* that he was all for "freedom" as long as it doesn't hurt anyone and that HUSTLER isn't hurting anyone. He is WRONG! Dead wrong!

I'll bet *my life* that there's a maniac out there right now grabbing his seven-year-old daughter after reading a magazine like yours. Eventually she will become what I am today—a crazy, neurotic, nervous woman who'll never have a normal sex life and will never know how "enjoyable" sex can be.

I just pray to God that there is no one after your seven-year-old daughter. Maybe if sex were presented in a normal, healthy way—like today's sex education in many schools—there wouldn't be many maniacs hanging around the school yards. After reading this letter, perhaps you will shut down your operation or at least try to portray sex more realistically. Please, no more erotic photographs.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

The repression of sexuality through poor sex education—the kind received in schools today—is the culprit, not magazines like HUSTLER.

Some people use sex magazines as a cop-out for their problems, and attitudes like yours only lend support to those people.

I feel that it is not only incumbent upon me, but the need manifests itself as imperative that I take a moment to commend you on the high quality material in your most controversial publication, HUSTLER.

Your candid approach to reality may be offensive to some. However, I find your literature quite provocative and the humor of paramount quality.

Your years of unrequited toil for the express purpose of our sensual elation are unparalleled by any individual. I cannot understand why "old farts" attempt to consecrate their malice toward you under pretense of protecting other old farts from mind pollution. I smell hypocrisy.

By the way, Larry, I dig the fine work by Tinsley, Kohl and all the other contributors. Keep up the fine work and keep HUSTLER coming.

Troy Foster
Downey, California

The purpose of this letter is to express my anger and dismay at the vulgar, obscene and hideous cartoons by Joe Kohl, in which he mocks handicapped people (*Stumped for Laughs*).

You wrote, "It cost us an arm and a leg to get him, but as his work proves, Joe Kohl's talent is a bargain at any price." Some bargain! If you were missing an arm or leg, I venture to say Kohl would no longer be working for you.

The National Rehabilitation Association strongly deplores with utmost disgust your wanton attack on a minority in our society that has traditionally been ignored or exploited. It doesn't take much guts to mock a minority that is least likely to fight back.

Personally, I felt that freedom of the press was being encroached upon by the indictment in Cincinnati. I still do. However, if this diabolical "humor" is typical of your editorial policy, it is understandable that you are having problems.

It's apparent Joe Kohl is handicapped. It's also obvious he doesn't know he's sick.

Cornelius L. Williams
President
National Rehabilitation Association
Washington, D. C.

I feel you have the right to publish your magazines because you cater to real men. Mr. Flynt, you have my vote.

Tibor Stiavnický
Sunnyside, New York

DEMANDING BRITISHWOMAN

I would be grateful if you could insert the following ad in an upcoming issue and every alternate issue thereafter. "Aristocratic,

wealthy female, 30, 5' 9", beautiful, articulate, aware. Desires noncommercial, uncomplicated, flexible, hedonistic relationship with genuine, sensible, clean, pleasant, sensually uninhibited, well-hung male visitors. Send photograph (four recent copies) and date of availability."

Susannah Adamson
52 Woodway Crescent
Harrow, HA12NQ, England

We normally don't run such letters because it would be impossible to accommodate this kind of request from all our readers. But, since Andrew Young is putting such a strain on America's relationship with England, we thought that by fulfilling this lady's request we might ease tensions a bit.

BEAVER HUNT BEEFS

I'm really curious about something. About three months ago my husband Fred and I sent you a picture of me for *Beaver Hunt*. So far we've seen everything—including a photo of a dog—except me. I think I look better than a dog, but apparently you didn't. How do you decide what pictures you will publish?

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

We have no record of your submission to Beaver Hunt, and we're eager to see what you look like. How about sending another photo?

Who are you trying to kid? While leafing through your May 1977 rag, I noticed a similarity between Donna Budzek and Alison Kremer. Are you so ignorant that you use the same setting with the same girl wearing the same ring, and then place the photos two pages apart and expect the readers to buy it? Even Ray Charles could tell it was the same girl.

F. P.
Reading, Pennsylvania

The photos were sent from two different places, and we just didn't notice. Nobody's perfect. We'll make sure it doesn't happen again.

FROG CENSORSHIP

For the last four months I've been receiving your tremendous magazine in envelopes that have been opened. The post office told me that customs had opened them, so I didn't complain. But I guess your April issue must be out of this world, since customs sent me a letter instead of the magazine.

There is only one thing that I can say that I truly want on this

planet: **HUSTLER**. Without it my wife and I feel empty. I've even considered getting a post office box 150 miles away from my home, but I wish there were an easier way to obtain your magazine.

Pierre Castonguay
Montreal, Quebec
Canada

*We're currently working with Canadian officials to eliminate this form of censorship, and we're optimistic that **HUSTLER** will soon be available throughout Canada.*

AFTERBIRTH REQUEST

My friends and I at United Technologies were talking about your pregnant women photo spread (February 1977 issue) and wondered, why not follow up with the same women postpartum (after having the baby)? We all agreed that'd be a fantastic idea. Is there any chance of its happening?

Arch Goodwin
Hartford, Connecticut

In the September 1977 issue of our Los Angeles-based sister publication Chic, you'll see one of them—no longer pregnant, but still cooking.

UP IN SMOKE

I'm writing this letter to question some of your advertising and editorial policies, which I think you should reexamine. I have been reading **HUSTLER** for two years, and in the past few months I have been subjected to full-color, anti-smoking ads showing cancer-ridden individuals. I have read your editorial comments defending your running

these ads and stating your definitive position against smoking. So what I would like to know is, who's the harebrained idiot in your organization who authorizes back cover advertisements for **JOB** cigarette papers? Smoking is smoking, whether it's the finest Virginia leaf or grass!

Does this ambiguity in your advertising policy mean that your editorial stance is just a lot of bullshit? Or are you guys just a bunch of rabble-rousers out to stir up controversy for controversy's sake, while lining your pockets?

W. I. H.
Address Withheld by Request

I believe that smoking is dangerous to your health, as I have stated in the past. But I have never said I wouldn't run cigarette or rolling paper ads. I will run them as long as the advertisers don't try to run my magazine. To censor an ad because of the concept it advances would be wrong. Personally, I would rather see people fuck themselves to death, but if they want to smoke themselves there, that is their right.

—Larry Flynt

ELOQUENT BLOWHOLE

I want to thank you, Larry "Cuntface" Flynt, for publishing your picture in every issue of your overrated rag. And it's a bloody rag at that! Your portrait on the sick-o *State-ment* page gives me the opportunity to fuck your pimple-plantation face. Here's how I do it. First, I slit your lips apart with a razor blade (which I would love to do in reality). Then I make you pucker your lips and kiss my balls, making you moan with pleasure. Next, I enlarge your mouth so it can receive my giant cock, making you deep-throat me until I come all over your tonsils. When you finish sucking me off, you ask me to tell you, "I love you!" but instead I say, "Kiss my asshole, cockbreath!" And you do.

I'm writing to ask you a favor. Would you please print a photo of your microscopic cock (that is if you have one) just so I can castrate you?

With your sick sense of humor, you should get a thrill out of it. That way, when you go to prison (and you will, shit-face), you can let the inmates bugger you as you suck miles of black, Puerto Rican and white cocks. You like to make fun of niggers; well, soon they'll be making fun of you.

My cunt bet me \$100 you wouldn't print this letter. Prove she's wrong.

Paul Crosspatch
Valparaiso, Indiana

You win! And we bet your cunt is man enough to pay up.

GRAFFILTHY



THANKS AND 25 SMACKERS TO J. TORRES, CHICAGO.

cranked up to sex!

That depends on where you're coming from.

A man will go to any extreme to increase the size of his penis. While for others, having a large penis means nothing more than carrying excess baggage. After all, it's not what you got but how you use it.

On paper, that sounds fine. But let's be honest. Regardless of what the so-called experts say, a large penis can have positive psychological effects.

Leasure Time's Vacuum Enlarger can have a noticeable effect on the size of the penis. The Vacuum Enlarger has been scientifically tested and is a safe and effective method for increasing the diameter and length of the penis.

The Vacuum Enlarger will also help you obtain an immediate erection, cause the penis to be more sensitive to touch, and increase your staying power and desire.

Used in combination with Leasure Time's informative book *Penis Enlargement Techniques*, regularly \$5.75, the Vacuum Enlarger can produce visible results.

So some men might still believe that it's not the size of the sword but the swordsman. Well, we won't argue that point, but wouldn't you rather go into battle with a lance than a dagger?

CHARGE CARD ORDERING . . . 24-hour toll-free service
 by calling 1-800-848-9107. (In Ohio, call: 1-800-282-9216.)

So some men might still believe that it's not the size of the sword but the swordsman. Well, we won't argue that point, but wouldn't you rather go into battle with a lance than a dagger?

Save \$3.70 when purchasing both book and Vacuum Enlarger.

Sex Bits

WORLD SEX NEWS ROUNDUP

Telerotica

40 W. Gay Street
Columbus, Ohio 43215

The Illinois Supreme Court has agreed with a convict allegedly molested by three fellow inmates that homosexual attacks and death threats are justifiable grounds for escaping from prison. Attorneys for Francis Unger convinced the court that Unger's escape from an Illinois correctional facility was a matter of "compulsion and necessity."

Unger testified at his trial on escape charges that he had been sexually molested and his life was threatened a few days before he escaped. However, the trial court judge said that was no excuse and ordered the jury to disregard the line of reasoning. The decision was overturned in the state appeals court and the supreme court ruled likewise.

Four female members of the Boise, Idaho, police force (among them the first woman hired as a police officer in that city) have been dismissed from the force in the midst of a lesbian scandal. At least two of the women also face charges under the so-called "crime against nature" law which prohibits homosexuality.

Police department spokesmen are saying the women have engaged in activities in private that brought the force into public disrepute and that they have been associating with known lawbreakers--i.e., other sex criminals. One of the women dismissed had received nine letters of commendation from the department prior to the incident.

Arkansas nursing home operators are up in arms over suggestions that elderly residents be provided "privacy rooms" where petting, kissing and handholding "probably would go further than a little medication at ten o'clock at night."

Eddie Hargrove, a university sociology professor, made the suggestion at a federally funded workshop for operators of nursing homes and was rebuked by those who said older persons would not be in the homes if they were capable of sexual activity. Hargrove maintains that age has nothing to do with the need for physical and emotional contact.

"I'm not advocating copies of HUSTLER Magazine and waterbeds, but these people are human beings," Hargrove said. He added that the possibility of abuse of the privacy room privileges should not be a factor in prohibiting the privileges. He pointed out that alcohol is abused in society but not prohibited.

The New York City vice squad in charge of cleaning up midtown Manhattan suffered a setback when the Manhattan district attorney's office refused to use evidence of prostitution gathered by private investigators. The inquiry had been made at the request of the vice squad.

The DA's office said the evidence was rejected because it would only "repel and disgust" grand jurors. In the course of the investigation, private eyes had engaged in sexual intercourse to gather material about prostitution activities. The vice squad had hoped the report would be accepted since police are not allowed to disrobe while on duty, and hookers will not talk about sex for money until a client is naked.

However, the prosecutors said they would neither present reports of sex acts to the grand jury, nor ask that panel to support such activity in the course of seeking an indictment.

Does a city have the right to segregate adult entertainment businesses--X-rated theaters, massage parlors and burlesque houses? This question is shaping up to be the next battleground between pro and antismut forces. Recently Seattle, Washington, adult theater owners lost a round of that battle when a local judge ruled that a city may limit areas where such businesses operate and that such a limitation does not restrict freedom of speech.

Attorneys for the theaters will appeal the decision.—Mike Sheeter.

ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is a reader-oriented column researched and compiled by the HUSTLER staff in conjunction with experts in both the medical and psychological sciences. *Advise & Consent* is solely an educational feature—not intended to replace the advice and care of your own physician. To ask HUSTLER about whatever is on your mind, direct your letter to HUSTLER Magazine, *Advise & Consent*, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

I am an 18-year-old woman who enjoys having sex with my boyfriends. I have recently developed a fetish, however, that I am embarrassed about because it may be warped. I get a great deal of sexual pleasure from smelling their asses. The odor from a guy's ass really gives me a sexual charge. Do you think I'm weird?

J. C.
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

You may be difficult to buy perfume for, but we would be reluctant to say that you're weird. If you're afraid your boyfriends won't agree with us, you can certainly sniff their asses without letting them know you get off on it, since this is an area of their bodies you can easily come in contact with during sex. Watch for an upcoming Sex Play dealing with body odors.

When I am having intercourse with my husband, I usually think of him and what we're doing. But sometimes I fantasize that I am with another man, and this worries me. I try not to fantasize about other men but can't seem to stop. Am I abnormal?

J. O.
Waco, Texas

Fantasies are not harmful and can, in fact, augment sexual pleasure. Fantasizing about someone other than your partner is fairly common. Trying to control your fantasy only loads you with needless guilt. If your imaginings turn you on, then let them be.

I know other people have written to you about the problem of having a crooked cock when they get a hard-on. Even though it's embarrassing, I know there's no reason to worry about it. But I've never been able to find the medical reason for why this happens. Can you tell me?

H. M. K.
San Diego, California

Along the side of the shaft of the penis there are layers of spongy tissue that fill with blood to make the penis hard. If one of these areas is smaller than the other, the penis will tend to bend to that side.

I have heard vitamin E referred to as "the sex vitamin." Is it true that it increases your sexual powers?

D. R.
Providence, Rhode Island

The widespread belief that vitamin E is a "sex vitamin" resulted from scientific research into animal fertility. Researchers discovered that animals deficient in vitamin E could not reproduce, leading many people to assume that sexual virility is directly related to vitamin E. Although we know many people who swear that vitamin E increases sexual prowess, there has been no hard scientific evidence to support their contention. Some researchers feel that vitamin E may increase the "staying power" of the male, as well as his sperm count, but the only thing scientists are certain of is that vitamin E is beneficial to general health. And the healthier you are, the better your sex life will be.

It seems to me that whenever male impotence is discussed, the emphasis is always placed on psychological causes. I'm sure there are physical reasons for this malfunction, also. Could you tell me some of them?

D. Z.
Dallas, Texas

Physiological impotence can result from damage to the spinal cord, paraplegia, multiple sclerosis, aftereffects of prostate surgery, nervous system disorders or the abuse of certain drugs, notably, alcohol and amphetamines.

I don't want to sound dumb, but what is the clitoris for?

M. S.
Mobile, Alabama

The clitoris is designed solely for sexual activity. When stimulated, the clitoris, like the penis, will engorge with blood and become erect, exposing the glans—the small "button" that sticks out between the inner lips of the cunt. Stimulation of the clitoris—with its high concentration of nerve endings—brings a woman to orgasm.

I know it is much more difficult to detect gonorrhea in a woman than it is in a man, but what are the symptoms?

E. B.
Houston, Texas

The first symptom is often a greenish-yellow vaginal discharge that begins two to seven days after infection. The vulva may also become red, raw or irritated. Frequent, painful urination can also be a sign of infection. Keep in mind, however, gonorrhea frequently displays no outward symptoms, and can be detected only through a blood test or culture sample. If you suspect you
(continued on page 119)





"Next time we try this enema thing, what do you say we try it in the bathroom?"

Rits & Pieces

On June 7, 1977, Dade County, Florida, voters will decide whether or not basic human rights should be extended to men who suck cock and women who eat pussy. That's when the voters will decide. But this month's Asshole, Anita Bryant, has already made *her* decision.

Recently, this leather-faced sow has been actively seeking support for her stand against homosexual rights. According to Anita, gays don't have any.

In January, the Dade County Metro Commission passed an amendment to an already existing civil rights ordinance making it illegal to discriminate because of "affectional or sexual preferences." Anita—perhaps in a last-ditch attempt to keep her hubby at home nights—declared war on Florida faggots and set out to repeal the amendment.

According to Anita, homosexuals are "recruiting" our youth into their

ranks. They are doing this, she says, because they cannot reproduce and are worried about becoming extinct. But as long as there are women like Anita crossing

their legs and crowing scripture in bedrooms across America, we're not likely to run short of faggots. Anita and her ilk have probably done

more to swell the ranks of the limp-wristed than Gore Vidal and Truman Capote put together.

Further, she argues that to allow fags to move in next door to (or work alongside or teach) our children would result in an increase in the number of child molestations. If the Sunshine Girl had her figures straight, she would know that most child molestations are heterosexual, not homosexual.

It's definitely her right not to associate with (or have her hair styled by) faggots. We don't like to be around the fish-eyed flamingos ourselves. But when this self-righteous witch-huntress takes action to make her whims and prejudices law, even *we* must side with the sweet boys.

Maybe if Anita would switch from orange juice to prune juice and purge herself of all her excess shit, she'd just disappear and never bother anyone again.



ASSHOLE of the month

DOGGY BAG

You've got pride—but you've also got a sackful that's been collecting for the last 40 days and nights and you've decided to come out of the desert and give in to the devil. So you take the sure bet home with you, hoping no one sees you leaving the bar with her—and you walk ten steps ahead and ignore her comments. Finally you get home and she's got

a fantastic body, but her face could stop a sundial. Lust being the mother of invention, you pop the "Ugly Girl Sack" (\$1, P. O. Box 4152, Huntsville, Alabama 35802) over her head and pop yourself off. Thank God for the "Ugly Girl Sack," or it would have been 41 days and nights for you—and who knows how many for her.



—NOTHING TO— SPIT AT

While listening to Tom Snyder interview Larry Flynt on the *Tomorrow* show, we were shocked and dismayed when our leader said that, if he had them, he'd run nude photos of First Lady Rosalynn Carter in *HUSTLER*. "What a tasteless, no-class thing to say," Snyder remarked. Our feelings exactly.

The following morning we trooped into Larry's office to reason with him. We found him with photographer Clive McLean, both of them examining



the contents of a large brass spittoon. "One of the distributors was in this morning and hocked up a lunger that looks just like a cunt," Larry said. "Wanna see it?"

"We came to talk about your Rosalynn Carter announcement," we said. "It's bad enough that you say things like that on TV, but, my God, she's the First Lady. How can you lust for nude photos of that sacred woman? That kind of thing makes people extremely angry," we pleaded.

"The trouble is," Larry said, "this oyster is too light a color. Clive, get some food coloring or catsup and we'll see if we can make it pinker." Larry started poking inside the spittoon with a rolled-up *Penthouse*. "It shows up real good against all that Mail Pouch in there, don't it?"

"Please, Larry," we begged, "we're on our knees."

Larry looked down at us and placed the magazine aside. "What's on your mind?" he asked graciously. At that moment his intercom buzzed. "Barbara Walters is calling from New York to get an interview with you," his secretary said.

"I'm a little jammed up, gentlemen. Just send me a memo on it." He picked up his phone and said, "Hello there, sweetmeat!"

As we left, we heard him saying, "Then I asked Jimmy, 'Do you have any pictures of Rosalynn in the nude?' and when he said 'No,' I asked, 'Wanna buy some?'"



LIP SERVICE

Some women are hard to please because they prefer a deeply satisfying relationship with their love tool. They won't have an affair with just any dumb dildo that happens to come down the pike. But with this new Talking Dildo, we bet even the most dis-

criminating lips will open wide. The little pink bugger has four messages, including "Please play with me" and "Please comb my hair." It is available from Leisure Time Products (P. O. Box 2206, Columbus, Ohio 43216). It's listed as item #5110, costs \$11.95 and, unlike Managing Editor Jim Heinisch, it *is* toilet trained.



LAYING EGGS

No, this isn't a photo of a man imitating a bicycle rack. This is Jess Piszczor, *HUSTLER*'s Polish editorial assistant, fucking up his first big assignment. Jess got a bit confused when he was asked to obtain a photo of someone laying eggs—and this is what he turned in. Just when the photographer told Jess to crack a smile, the chewing gum that was holding up the Warsaw Wonder's pants gave way, exposing his brain.

THE 10 MOST WANTED



Farrah Fawcett-Majors...



... alias Ms. Noxema



Jaclyn Smith



Kate Jackson



Lynda Carter



Lindsay Wagner



Sally Struthers



Angie Dickinson



Barbara Eden



Olivia Newton-John



Linda Ronstadt

Wide World

MILLION DOLLAR BABIES

We have proof that horny HUSTLER readers spend a lot of time watching TV. Having just tabulated the votes for HUSTLER's 1977 Ten Most Wanted list, we no longer wonder why *Charlie's Angels* is such a big hit, since Farrah Fawcett-Majors, Jaclyn Smith and Kate Jackson topped the

list of female celebrities to whom we're offering \$1 million to pose HUSTLER-style.

Lynda Carter, star of *Wonder Woman*, and Lindsay Wagner, of *The Bionic Woman*, are two more super heroines who must have given some super hard-ons to HUSTLER fans, as they placed fourth and fifth. *All in*

the Family's Sally Struthers (the only carry-over from last year's list) heads off the second five, followed by Angie Dickinson, top cop in *Police Woman*, and Barbara Eden of the old *I Dream of Jeannie* series. Singing stars Olivia Newton-John and Linda Ronstadt, placing ninth and tenth, are the only winners who

are not TV regulars.

Some HUSTLER staffers wanted to extend the list out of sympathy for such losers as Beatrice Arthur (*Maude*), Chastity Bono, Miss Lillian and Amy Carter, and the late Moms Mabley. But these and the 417 other also-rans will have to wait until next year.

ADS WE'D LIKE TO SEE #3

CRACK & PECKER SANDAROID II

HARMLESSLY
HONES
HEMMIES

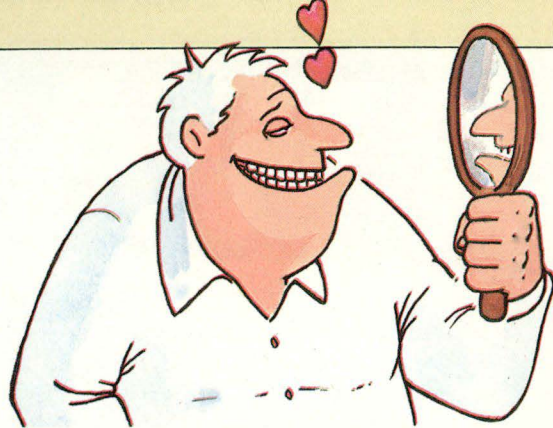


Embarrassed by that unsightly bulge in the seat of your pants? Sick of sitting on donut-shaped seat cushions? Tired of having doctors faint while giving you a physical? Now, from the makers of SmoothRim, there's *Sandarhoid II*—an amazing new pile remover that promises you a smooth-cheeked sphincter Mother Nature could never hope to build! And it's safe for the entire family!

Developed by Crack & Pecker Laboratories under the supervision of Walter Rhoid

Hospital, *Sandarhoid II* employs the latest in Space Age technology. Its powerful motor (available in cord or cordless models) drives a selection of grinding discs at your choice of four different speeds.

Because we want you to try this exciting new product now, in the privacy of your own home, we're offering sanding pads *free* with each order. Don't wait! Take the edge off, today! (*Sandarhoid II*, \$29.95. Available at office supply stores everywhere.)



MISTAKEN IDENTITY

The staff doesn't think anybody looks more like Chester the Molester than his creator, Dwaine B. Tinsley. But Dwaine insists there are lots of people out there in *HUSTLER* Land who think they resemble the Scourge of the Schoolyards.

We admit that looking like Chester might have its advantages. Looking like Dwaine, on the other hand, is to be avoided at all costs. The main difference is that Dwaine's nose is bigger and Chester has all his teeth.

If you can fancy yourself in

green tweed pants and an open-necked white shirt, send us your picture. If the staff thinks the resemblance is "striking" enough, you'll win a year's subscription to *HUSTLER* and a free Chester T-shirt. (And if our bribe to the White House laundry Chink pays off, we'll throw in a pair of two-day-old, shit-stained Amy Carter underwear.) Send color photos (which cannot be returned) to: Chester, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. Show us your good side.

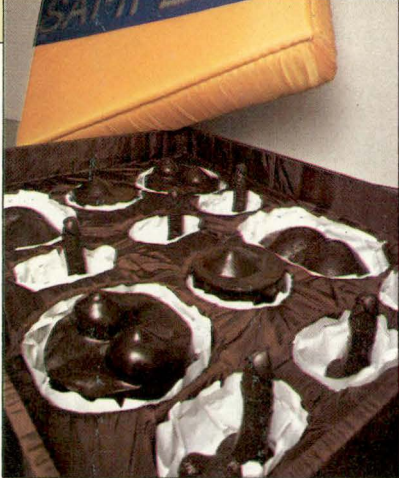
MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"I'll sell you these for a quarter. . . ."

LEGAL EXHIBITIONISM

Fine art isn't necessarily in the eyes of the beholder—sometimes it's in the stomach. As a case in point, take this version of a Whitman's Sampler by sculptor Richard Dimmler. Using friends as models, Dimmler cast molds of their private parts, filled the molds with chocolate and displayed the finished goodies at the "Now I Know Why Cannibals Eat Their Enemies" art show. Twenty-five other artists also exhibited various works of "edible" art at the 112 Workshop, a gallery in New York City. After two days, however, all exhibits had been



devoured. Naturally, this new movement worries art gallery officials, because as one dealer said, "How can we sell something that's in the process of being digested?" Nevertheless, we understand that one gallery has ordered 1000 antique chamber pots to use as picture frames.



Room to Move

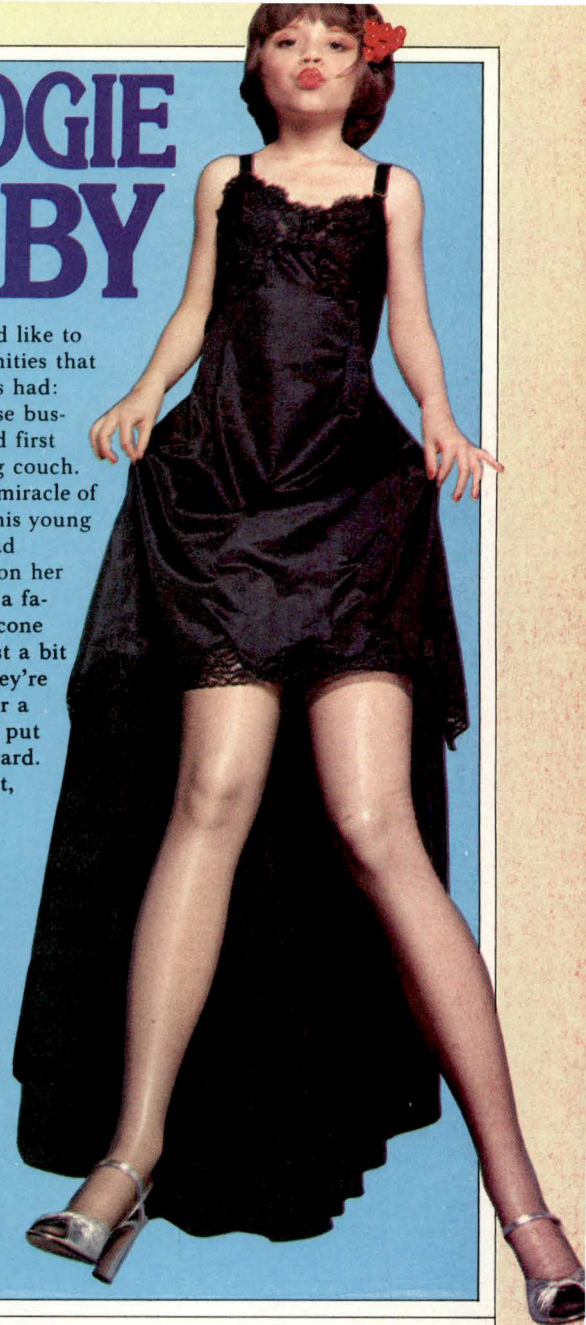
San Francisco porn filmmakers, the Mitchell Brothers, have gone one step beyond the green door of the O'Farrell Theater lobby to create the Ultra Room, a 20-by-30-foot stage lined with private viewing cubicles. Erotic film star C. J. Laing and a supporting cast perform a variety of acts for patrons to view through the one-way glass in each \$15 booth. Live sound is piped to the customers as they

enjoy a trapeze act or watch Long Jean Silver put the pointed end of her deformed leg to good use.

A spokesman for the Mitchell Brothers said San Francisco city officials and cops were invited to check out the Room before the operation took off, and no trouble is expected. Reportedly, the biggest problem at the Room is cleaning up the booths after a show.

BOOGIE BABY

Lots of kids would like to have the opportunities that Chastity Bono has had: rich parents, a wise business manager and first stab at the casting couch. Now through the miracle of modern science, this young lass is a step ahead of the pack, well on her way to becoming a famous dancer. Silicone legs may seem just a bit farfetched, but they're not too strange for a girl who wants to put her best foot forward. Eat your heart out, Totie Fields.



MUFFMOBILE

Henry Ford II was recently overheard to complain that his company's advertising campaign had gone limp. Perhaps

by hiring cartoonist Bill Maul, Henry could get a rise out of the public and boost Ford sales at the same time.

READERS FORUM

While reading about the HUSTLER trial, I've become very angry with the judge and prosecutor in Cincinnati. I read HUSTLER and other men's magazines, and now a few people in Cincinnati have made reading erotic publications seem as bad as screwing sheep.

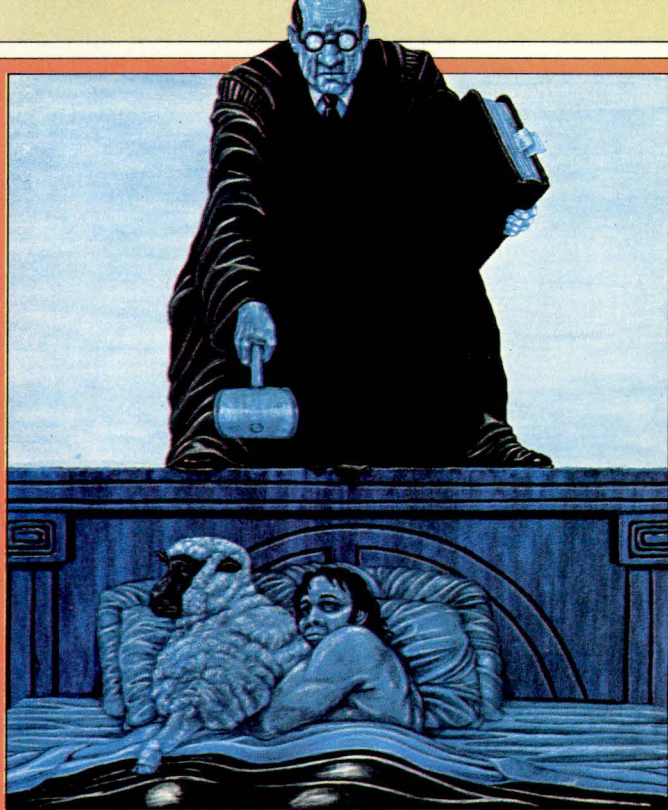
I've talked to my friends about it, and we've decided to organize in our neighborhoods to fight censorship. We plan to ask for contributions to run newspaper ads in support of First Amendment freedoms. If our organization is successful, we may be able to fight censorship in local courts if the need arises, and we can support politicians who are against this kind of repression. We have as much right to a voice as the bluenoses in our community. We're just not going to take

their crap anymore.

I think such an organization can work, since it's made up of neighbors in our own community. These people know and respect us, and will listen to us when they might not pay attention to the same argument from strangers. I've even found people who are against magazines like HUSTLER, but when someone they know explains what can happen to a free press, they're eager to help.

With well-known citizens on our side, politicians and censorship groups will have to take heed—local pressure is the only kind they understand. I hope that everyone who feels this way will seek support in his community for such an organization.

William Douglas
St. Louis, Missouri



A lot of people think that Ugandan dictator Idi Amin is as much fun as a barrel of monkeys. But are American political leaders any less hilarious?

Nelson Rockefeller is a hell of a card, as he demonstrates here by his witty reply to a question from a deaf student. And Jumpin' Jerry Ford, a Mack Sennett fan who knows that a pratfall is always good for a laugh, tumbled from office to

Political BONERS

the accompanying laughter of the entire nation.

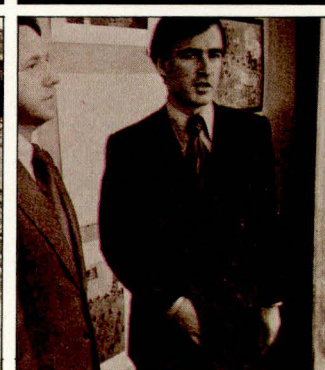
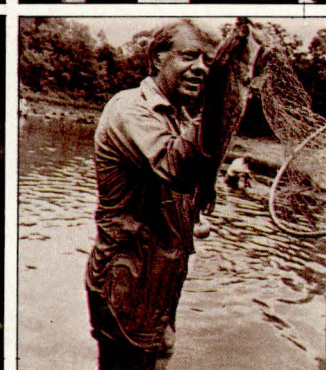
Jerry took pointers on laugh-getters from Henry Kissinger, shown picking away at some of the facts at his fingertips.

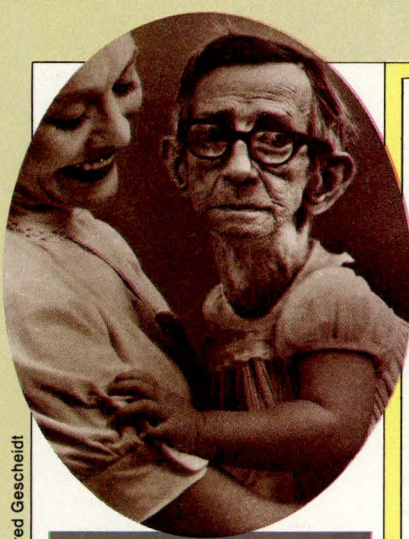
Now we have the Deacon of Dry Roasted, who evokes giggles and gasps whenever he practices his own version of total immersion, as he did on a fishing trip last summer. And

there's no end to daughter Amy's laughter when she and Daddy play "ride-em horsey."

California Governor Jerry Brown seldom cracks a smile himself, but it's laughs galore for Jerry's underlings when the governor threatens to fire his staff, then reaches for the fleshy weapon to prove he's not kidding around.

So who says you have to be a crazy cannibal to get a laugh now and then?





NATURAL ENQUIRER

FLASH! Thirty-two-year-old woman gives birth to 67-year-old man! A Winona, Minnesota, housewife has proudly announced the recent birth of her eight-pound, one-ounce grandfatherson. In an exclusive *Natural Enquirer* interview, Mrs. Edna Squat said the boy will be called Pension Face.



JUSTICE IN THE END

Former Head-Quaker-In-Charge, Tricky Dick, did not get off scot-free for his crimes against society. Despite the pardon he received, his conscience (yes, he *does* have one after all) compelled him to take up social work in a California prison. There he has proven to be a crack counselor by helping Negro inmates find their roots. Seen here employing the "night train" method of rehabilitative therapy, Nixon was heard to plead for "four more queers!"

If you would like a copy of this poster as a memento of American justice, send \$2.50 to: Expression House, P. O. Box 125, Spring Park, MN 55384.

FAST COMPANY

Diets are the rage today, and the reason so many people are trying so many different plans is that most diets don't work. That's what Dr. Robert Linn says in *The Last Chance Diet* (\$10 from Lyle Stuart, Inc., 120 Enterprise Avenue, Secaucus, New Jersey 07094), the book that introduces Linn's "protein-sparing fast program."

Fast? Yes, with both meanings of the word. You don't eat, and the weight drops off at a tremendous rate. But it's not as impossible or cruel as it sounds. Last Chance dieters take a daily protein supplement, so that 95 percent of their weight loss is fat, not lean body tissue. The presence of a substance called ketone helps reduce or eliminate hunger. Linn's fast-paced book outlines the process in layman's terms—but the diet must be followed under a doctor's supervision.

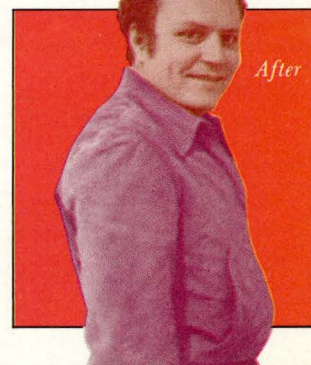
Perhaps the most important thing about this diet is the way it prepares you, both physically and mentally, to keep off the weight you lose. Linn's program helps maintain a normal body balance during weight loss—and returns that balance to people whose overweight condition has actually changed the way their body works. After a while on this diet, you'll probably be more eager for a salad or piece of fruit than for a hot fudge sundae.

How do we know the diet works? We have living proof! Our own Larry Flynt is on the



Before

diet and has changed from a rather chubby publisher to a sleek, slim picture of health. And 80 percent of those who've tried the program report similar results. It really works! And we're not just chewing the fat.



After

If you have any interesting or unusual *Bits & Pieces* contributions, please pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay \$100 for pictures, news items, quips and stories that we publish in *Bits & Pieces*. HUSTLER buys all rights on material accepted for publication and will keep all material purchased. Submissions we don't use will be returned if they're accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

For July, HUSTLER sends \$100 and thanks to Katchaturian, Bill Maul, Dave Patrick and Tom Tilton.

Dealing Dildoes



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When you're ready to play some sexual games, Leasure Time wants to make sure you're holding a hot hand. That's why we've called on good old "Doc" Johnson to deal you in.

For instance, the Therapeutic Aid will help you rise up for every occasion. Made of smooth latex, this aid has a hollow interior, unique loop straps and is medically designed to overcome impotence. Available in three sizes: small (# 0630), medium (# 0640) and large (# 0650).

If you're the kind of man who likes to sweep a woman off her feet, then pick up a Womb Broom (# 1622). Perfect for stimulating and cleaning those hard-to-reach places.

The Lady Godiva dildo is made of extrasoft rubber that is flexible yet sufficiently rigid for maintaining any position or angle. Available in both smooth (# 5521) and studded (# 5522).

Get your hands on the most mechanically sophisticated electric sex aid ever offered—the Electro Squirmy Rooter (# 1624). It can perform tricks a real penis wouldn't dare attempt. The rooter can simultaneously rotate in a full circle while providing vibrating sensations. Uses 2 C batteries.

The Electro Admiral Periscope (# 5524) is a rubber replica of a cock with a powerful vibrating motor completely sealed inside the tip. It can turn the limpest penis into a pulsating pile driver. Uses 2 AA batteries.

The dual-function Electro Orgasm (# 5523) is the Rolls-Royce of dildoes. Made of soft, pliable rubber, it comes with both an attachable pump and an automatic vibration control. The pump allows you to enlarge the dildo to any size while the vibration control sends a woman into high gear. \$39.95. Uses 2 AA batteries.

For those who enjoy old faithful, there's the Vibrato Cordless Vibrator. Available in 4" mini (# 0250) uses 2 AA batteries; 7" personal (# 0240) uses 2 C batteries; and 10" stud (# 0230) uses 2 C batteries.

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Sex Play

By Tim Conaway

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a better lover.

When I first decided to get a vasectomy, I thought there might be fuel in it for a *Sex Play*. After all, there are a lot of myths and misinformation in circulation concerning this birth control method (which involves cutting off the flow of sperm to the prostate), and I figured I could give the straight dope to men considering a vasectomy, but afraid to take the first step.

You've probably heard all the myths ("You'll lose your manhood." "It doesn't always work." "Vasectomy is a Communist plot."), and although many do have some basis in fact, these myths are largely exaggerations. The best way to dispel the myths is by taking you, step by step, through the process of vasectomy. It's an ordeal that's fresh in my mind, and will be for a long time to come.

First, it's necessary to separate the psychological aspects of vasectomy from the physical. The primary consideration is whether or not you are psychologically ready. Once you've had a vasectomy, you will be sterile—not impotent, but sterile—for the rest of your life. Even though there is an operation that can restore fertility, the success rate has been almost zilch. And while other methods of male sterilization are being tested, none has yet been proven totally effective or safe, and in any case will not be available for years. All things considered, a vasectomy is even more permanent than a tattoo.

Once you've decided, without a doubt, that you want a vasectomy, the next step is to contact either a urologist or a clinic specializing in family services. A local Planned Parenthood chapter can give you information on vasectomy services available. Wherever you choose to have the surgery done, your first appointment will include counseling—a final step to make sure you are comfortable with your decision.

The counseling session is where myths both end and begin. One of the main fears men have about vasectomy is impotency. You'll be told that if you believe a vasectomy will leave you permanently limp, it probably will. And if you believe that, you're not ready to undergo the operation.

The surgery involves making a cut in the *vas deferens*, a tube that carries sperm from the testes to the prostate where it's mixed with other fluids to produce semen. This mixture is later transmitted through your cock, forming those great white jets that signal climax or the end

of a ten-minute stag film.

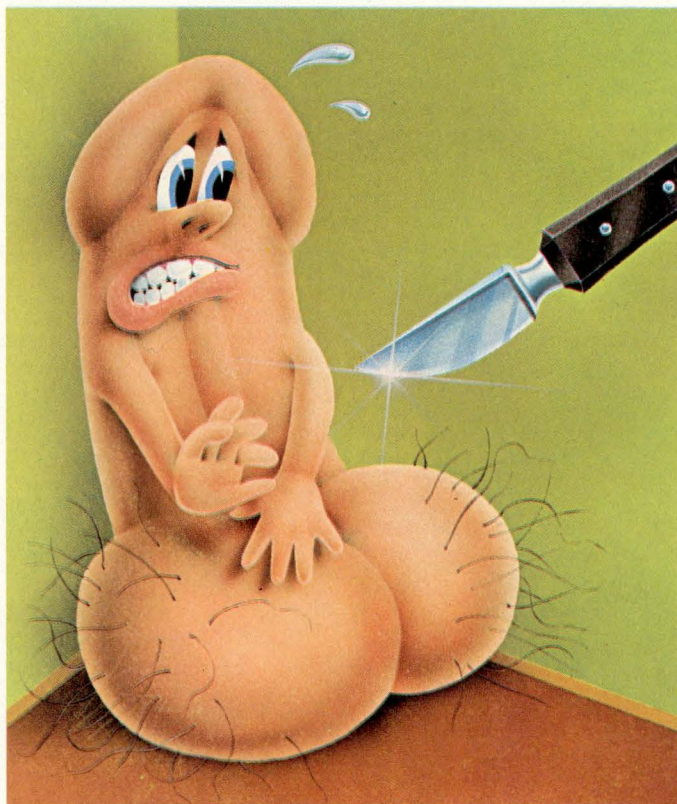
The clipped ends of the *vas* are tied off or cauterized (burned) so that sperm has no passage to the prostate, thereby eliminating any possibility of making a woman pregnant. The testes continue to make sperm, but it's absorbed by the bloodstream and killed off (a function that normally occurs when you have an overload). And since sperm accounts for only one to five percent of the semen you ejaculate, you can still participate in your own private stag films without any noticeable difference in your performance.

In order to achieve this cutoff, an incision is made on either side of the scrotum—that's right, on the sack itself—and the *vas* is snipped. A small section of it is removed and then tested to make sure it's the right tube. Some men—one in several thousand—have an extra *vas* on one or the other testicle. This means some sperm will continue to show up in tests, and new surgery will be required to snip that tube.

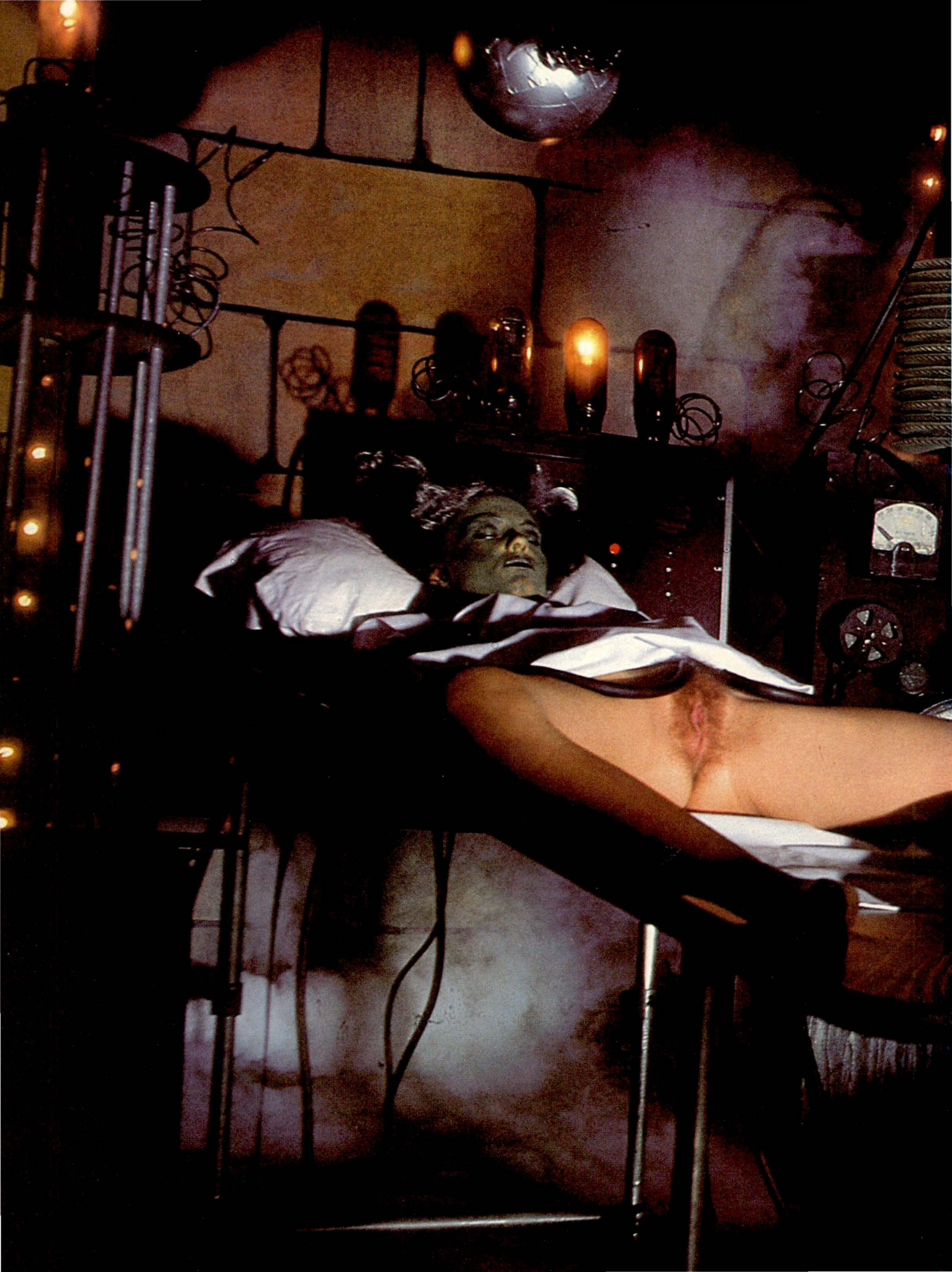
The tests are conducted on semen samples taken every six to eight weeks for up to six months. Until you've been judged officially sterile, other means of contraception will have to be used to prevent pregnancy—a fact too often taken lightly.

You're shown charts delineating the process and (if you're lucky) you might even see a movie, which not only shows more charts, but also features some interviews with men who have had vasectomies (even though the reality of what you're about to go through is hardly captured on film). And, you get to ask all the questions you want. This, in a nutshell, is what you learn at the counseling session.

If you're like most people—and I'm no exception—you'll probably leave the counseling session eager to go ahead
(continued on page 108)



VASECTOMY THE UNKIND CUT



Shocking Pink

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In a smoky laboratory, deep within the bowels of Columbus, Ohio, there lives a maniacal publisher, Dr. Larry Flynt. Twelve times each year, Dr. Flynt performs a wild and inexplicable experiment—magically transforming raw pulp into the sinister HUSTLER monster.

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Or, if the coupon has already been removed, use the subscription coupon on page 130. And, with due respect to your privacy, Dr. Flynt has arranged for each issue of HUSTLER to be delivered in a black plastic wrapper. Non-toxic, of course.

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TOTAL \$_____



RATED REVIEWS

From Sweet Taste of Honey: the lusty goings-on at a hotel where every prick is a passkey.

MOVIES

by Larry Wichman

SWEET TASTE OF HONEY

"An hour of happiness is a victory over death," Sandra Martin proclaims in *Sweet Taste of Honey*. Martin stars as a heartbroken woman who goes to a resort hotel to escape painful memories of a tragic love affair and to find a few hours of happiness. During the first half of the film, fantasies are enough to satisfy her cravings—the object of her wet daydreams being a newly wed resort guest who's a dead ringer for her ex-lover. Of course, in porn films it's easy to overlook such absurd coinci-

HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books will keep you up to date on the latest from the erotic film and publishing industries. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, as many films are censored to conform with "local community standards," the movies we review might not be exactly what you see. We suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the genuine article.

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION!

If this one doesn't get it up, you are probably dead because it is almost a constant turn-on.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. However, it can still be beat.



HALF-ERECT

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

dences, especially if the fuck scenes are good. And *Sweet Taste of Honey* is loaded with good fuck scenes.

Neither the oversimplified plot nor the lame dialog seems to get in the way of the many good sex scenes. And although the photography is not consistently good, it is at its best during the erotic moments. (When cocks and assholes are sharply in focus, it's easier to accept poorly photographed landscapes.) The film's greatest assets, however, are stars Sandra Martin and Brigitte Lanning, both of whom make their debut in *Honey*.

Neither Martin nor Lanning could be classified as either young or virginal, but as new stars they have a refreshingly innocent air about them. Their expressions are animated, and one

feels that when these women get their nut on screen, they're not just faking it.

If you're tired of seeing the same old faces (not to mention genitalia) in every porn film that comes along, then *Sweet Taste of Honey* is certain to turn you on.

ERUPTION

Filmmakers have often mucked up X-rated films by attempts at being arty and original. *Eruption* is far more sophisticated than most films of its type, but don't let that scare you away.

The action takes place in Hawaii. And Leslie Bovee, Susan Hart and John Holmes take constant advantage of the lush natural beauty of the islands by screwing everywhere—including the indoor pool at the Ilikai Hotel.

Holmes plays a corrupt insurance man who's in cahoots with his lover, Bovee, to insure her rich husband for a bundle—then dust him. Hart, as the fat cat's virtuous, but lust-crazed daughter, shows Holmes that Bovee is secretly humping another guy. So the jealous Holmes kills Bovee and rides into the sunset with Hart in tow. This complicated plot, and the comic relief provided by an obnoxious insurance investigator, aren't allowed to detract from the film's erotic quality.

Nor do flashy camera techniques interfere, since they're used moderately and only to inject novelty into the proceedings. In one sequence, the screen is filled by a close-up of Leslie Bovee's cunt. Another close-up zooms in on Bovee's heavily lipsticked mouth as it nibbles and licks Holmes's massive cock—a mindbending spectacle when viewed in living color on a thirty-foot screen. In yet another novel sequence, a split-screen technique catches the facial expressions of Holmes



Sandra Martin savors the sweet taste of Brigitte Lanning in *Honey*.

as Hart gobbles his cock.

But despite its trendy preoccupations, *Eruption* remains a highly erotic film. Holmes and Bovee seem to be genuinely enjoying themselves in their sex scenes. Although Holmes, as usual, has trouble getting a full erection, he actually looks enthusiastic this time out. And Bovee, unlike actresses who can merely cry on command, is able to lubricate—anytime, anywhere. Susan Hart isn't as foxy as Bovee, but whatever she lacks in looks, she makes up for in frenzied excitement.

If there is a major flaw in *Eruption*, it's a lack of those superfine ladies that abound in Hawaii. But until those bronze beauties are introduced into erotic films, you can make do with *Eruption*.

THE KEYHOLE

The Keyhole, a product of the Danish porn scene, is a movie with meat, gristle and bone—an erotic main

course. European films are generally more sophisticated than the American product, and the care and planning with which European filmmakers approach their work is evident both in *Keyhole*'s casting and plot structure.

Keyhole concerns a young filmmaker (Bent Warburg) commissioned to make a "real life" porn movie by the father of his girlfriend, played by the fleshy Marie Ekorre. Ostensibly, Warburg and Ekorre decide to film the girl's promiscuous parents, as well as several other unwary fornicators.

As the couple witnesses a variety of sexual liaisons, the audience experiences a vicarious thrill. Every sex scene has an uninvolved observer, whether it be Ekkore, who watches her father's business partner seduce his secretary, or Warburg, who photographs two women and a man having a sexual romp in Warburg's studio. The well-executed voyeurism gives *Keyhole* a unique approach to cinematic eroticism.

Marie Ekorre, a one-time *Penthouse* model, is a lovely, seductive asset to this film. But she almost becomes a liability. Because of the English overdubbing, it's difficult to judge just how well she acts, but it is evident that she refused to fuck for the camera. Even though she appears quite active in bed and very interested in watching others ball, close-ups of insertion had to be woven into her sex scenes to give the illusion that it is Ekorre being penetrated. The close-ups were shot with such harsh lighting—radically different from that used in the rest of the film—that they destroy the flow of Ekorre's sex scenes.

The Keyhole, with its European flair, is a delight compared to the raw hackwork so prevalent in America. Admittedly, Ekorre's reluctance to put out on film is disappointing, but she is still a pleasure to behold. Which is more than one can say about many porn actresses.

THE DEVIL INSIDE HER

If bizarre bawd is your thing, you won't find a more spellbinding, unusual display of hard-core erotica than *The Devil inside Her*. It's a movie full of raw, grotesque images—a macabre tale of witchcraft and Satan.

Zebedy Colt, who won critical acclaim for his acting talents in such roles as the psychopathic rapist in *Sex Wish*, makes his debut as a writer/director in *Devil*. Colt has penned a twisted tale of 17th-century America and one jealous woman's attempt to steal her sister's lover—even if it means enlisting the services of Satan.

The first few scenes are especially intriguing, mainly due to the presence of veteran sex starlets Terri Hall and Jody Maxwell. Hall, in her own charming—if inept—fashion, plays the

innocent sister who is beaten mercilessly for kissing her boyfriend. (This is set in the 17th century, remember.) But Maxwell, whose most recent performance was in *Expose Me, Lovely*, steals the show as the evil sister.

Known as the "singing cocksucker," Maxwell brightens up *Devil* with an astounding display of her rare oral abilities. In her best scene, she must blow a demon in order to obtain a load of magic "love juice." Portraying a woman who has never before sucked cock, Maxwell takes her sweet time getting acquainted with the demon's dong, but eventually downs the whole tool in one gulp. Unfortunately, it's all downhill for the movie from here on out.

Eroticism is chucked for shock value as brutal scenes flash across the screen. In one such scene, Annie Sprinkle is pissed upon and raped by three devils. (Supposedly, this is the scene that made Sprinkle quit porn.) And just as the erotic action degenerates, the film's cheap production values begin to grate on one's nerves. The sound track seems to emanate from inside a tin can, and the bright red lighting, so effective in the demonic fuck scenes, overshadows

the standard lighting used in other scenes, making them seem vulgar and gaudy.

The first half of *The Devil inside Her* promises more than it eventually delivers. With a bigger budget, it might have been a much better movie. Despite this, Zebedy Colt does deserve credit for bringing such strange smut to the screen.

ODYSSEY

Gerard Damiano's *Odyssey* is the year's best porn movie to date. It contains all the elements that have become the Damiano trademark: an attractive cast, good acting, elaborate sets and excellent photography. Still, compared to Damiano's previous films (*The Story of Joanna*, *Deep Throat*, *The Devil in Miss Jones*), *Odyssey* must be considered a disappointment. Despite its abundance of kinky sex, the film suffers from its inclusion of the obligatory lesbian and female masturbation scenes. But this is a minor problem, noticeable only because the rest of the film is so good. And since *Odyssey* is a series of vignettes, each one independent of the others, you can sleep through the bad

section—the middle 30 minutes—without missing the excellent opening and closing segments.

Odyssey traces the sexual trials and tribulations one encounters throughout a long, lust-filled life. The first segment concerns a couple (played by Richard Bolla and Nancy Dare) whose marriage is on the rocks. In his search for a solution, hubby consults Madame Zonobia (Celia Dargent)—madam, marriage counselor and mystic—and walks through a veritable sexual freak show, highlighted by a bizarre encounter between a man dressed as a woman and a woman dressed as a man. This rather unique form of therapy (which seems to suggest the premise: "So you think *you've* got problems . . .") apparently works, because the segment ends with Bolla and Dare recementing their once shaky relationship in a lurid blow-job scene.

The final vignette features the ever-provocative Susan McBain as Nicole, a fashion model caught up in a world of fantasy. Upon awakening from a sadomasochistic dream (starring McBain with C. J. Laing, Vanessa Del Rio and Wade Nichols), she takes out a razor and proceeds to shave her pussy—providing one of the most beautiful views of bald beaver ever to grace the silver screen. Then she masturbates while fantasizing about sex with a similarly shaven young male. The sight of two shorn crotches hammering together against a background of white satin is, by itself, worth the price of admission.

Damiano's views of his characters' sexual development can often be pretentious, but, nevertheless, entertaining and stimulating. Ably assisted by cameraman Harry Flecks, Damiano has given us a very artistic, if slightly flawed, film. Despite its imperfections, *Odyssey* is worthy of HUSTLER's highest movie rating.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.

Erection

Autobiography of a Flea
Desires within Young
Girls
Expose Me, Lovely
Femmes de Sade
In the Realm of the
Senses
Jail Bait
Kinky Ladies
Midnight Desires
The Opening of
Misty Beethoven
Sweet Cakes
Through a Looking Glass

Three-Quarters Erect

Blonde Velvet
The Double Exposure
of Holly
Heat Wave
The New York City
Woman
Peach Fuzz
Sex Wish
The Spirit of
Seventy-Sex
The Starlets

Half-Erect

The Affairs of Janice
Blowdry
Easy Alice
Les Nympho Teens
Love in Strange Places
Mary! Mary!
The Porn Brokers
The Sinful Pleasures of
Reverend Star
Tonight We Love

One-Quarter Erect

Candylips
Funk
Inside Marilyn Chambers
Kinkorama
Sweet Punkin
A Touch of Sex
The Trouble with Young
Stuff

Totally Limp

The Devil in Miss Jones
(Censored version)
Let My Puppets Come
Patty
Snuff

A mouthful of black magic doesn't do the trick for Devil inside Her.



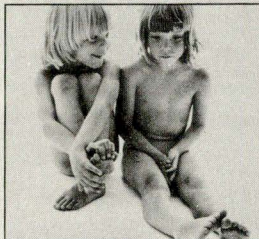
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Show Me!

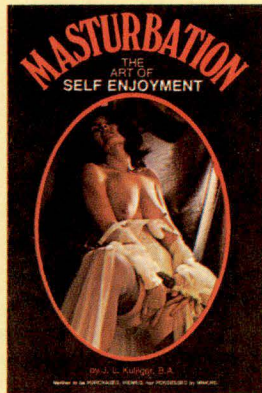
This is the last word in photographically explicit sex manuals for children. The text, by Dr. Helga Fleischhauer-Hardt, answers every question a child could possibly pose, and the photography by Will McBride is as artistic as it is informative. Highly recommended for its realistic approach to what is often an awkward subject.

No. 2605 \$12.95

Show Me!



A Picture Book of Sex for Children and Parents
Photography and Captions by Will McBride
Explanatory Text by Dr. Helga Fleischhauer-Hardt



Masturbation The Art of Self-Enjoyment

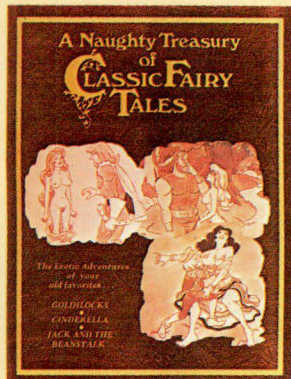
Learn exciting techniques available to help you improve your sexual satisfaction. This liberated book contains not only a factual review of the art of masturbation but more than 190 photographs as well — pictures portraying men and women in acts of self-sexual release.

No. 2613 \$15

Classic Fairy Tales

Sir Rod Q. M'Gurk does it again, and this time in the funny fantasy world that Disney never told you about. Goldilocks skips her meeting with the bears and comes upon three bold hunters instead. Cinderella has herself a ball. And Jack and the Beanstalk rise through the clouds to encounter the biggest piece of ass in all of creation. A riot in the nursery.

No. 2607 \$9.95



Every Man's a Casanova

Like the famous lover Casanova, any man can succeed in living his wildest dreams if he knows the right lines of love. This book contains over 1200 lines, which, through timely use, can create the arousing link that singles you out for her undivided attention.

No. 2643 \$7.25

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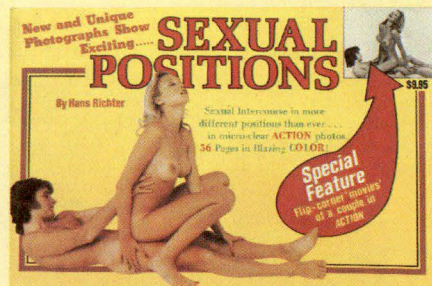
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TOTAL	\$	

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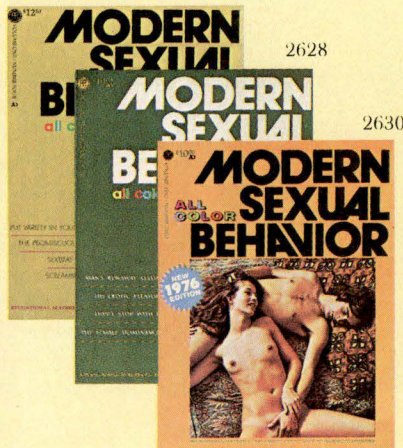
Sexual Positions

Get the inside scoop. You take the high road, your partner the low road. Gets you coming and going. Gives you more moves than Bobby Fischer. No Dick and Jane in this one. Learn while you burn.

No. 2642 \$9.95



2629



Modern Sexual Behavior

This package of three instructive volumes explores scientific findings and presents them in entertaining layman's terms. The books come complete with full-color explicit photos that leave nothing to the imagination. Each book picks up where the last one leaves off, revealing techniques in modern sexual behavior.

No. 2628	\$10
No. 2629	\$12.50
No. 2630	\$10
No. 2616	\$28 (set of 3)



Suze: a view of the Playboy empire from both sides of the camera.

ment of a natural, healthy sex drive.

The largest share of *Suze*, however, lets the reader peer through Suze's eyes into the working world of the *Playboy* empire and Hefner's Los Angeles mansion, where she could often be found revealing her cooze ("As a rush of power hit me, I began lifting the front of my skirt, flashing my naked pussy in all those famous faces. They loved it and I loved it."). But in her book she delights most in revealing the pretentious ego trip that is Hefner's constant high.

With this book, Suze proves that she can be proficient in a verbal as well as a visual medium. Although there are only two photographs in *Suze*—those on the front and back covers—the versatile Ms. Randall nevertheless exposes a vividly clear and intimate picture of herself and her professional associates in the erotic arts. *Suze* is a compact, tightly written piece that tells a very broad story. And Suze is a broad with a very good story to tell.

—Tim Conaway

TOTAL SEX

By Dan Abelow
Success Publication
Distributed by Grosset & Dunlap, Inc.

51 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10010
Paperback, \$3.95
Hardcover, \$12.95

Beware of authors who deal in superlatives. *Total Sex*—"An Illustrated Guide to the Ultimate Pleasures of Physical Love"—is no more the ultimate treatment of sex than *Kids Say the Darndest Things* was the ultimate study of child psychology.

This is not a sex manual HUSTLER readers will be happy with. Author Dan Abelow serves up all the traditional information and does his best to be hip and broad-minded. But *Total Sex* somehow manages to read as if it were written by Mary Tyler Moore or, in some parts, by Nancy Reagan. The mindbending erotic tactics Abelow promises to teach readers turn out to be, for instance, fucking outdoors or talking dirty. In spite of his ballyhoo about

X BOOKS

Edited by Michael Toohey

SUZE

By Suze Randall
Dell Publishing Co.
One Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza
New York, NY 10017
Paperback, \$1.75

For memoirs to be worth publishing, the writer has to have done something out of the ordinary. And memoirs, as opposed to biographies, must also tell more about the person than historians would be interested in.

Suze, the memoirs of photographer/model Suze Randall, scores high on both points, although the 30-year-old author has a long career ahead.

Suze (who was both photographer and model in our June 1977 issue centerfold: *Suze* by Suze) is that rare brand of female who is aggressive enough to become successful on her own while managing to maintain a man-pleasing sexuality.

"The bed sagged when, without a word, he knelt between my widely spread legs. He supported himself on his arms and began to thrust himself into me. My pussy resisted, not yet wet enough to engulf his massive size. To my secret satisfaction Ace took no notice, thrusting his way through the dry inner lips."

Suze's book also has its share of love scenes between female partners. But rather than drawing a formal line between lesbianism and hetero sex, these scenes are merely part of Suze's fulfill-



Total Sex: a limp demonstration of everything you already asked.

the "ultimate pleasures," one of Abelow's "enlightened" messages is: Don't make too big a production out of sex. Sex is good, but so are astrology, puppies and health food.

The ink-line rendered couple that demonstrates Abelow's ho-hum delights is conspicuously average-looking, with love handles and droopy tits. The drawings are as unexciting as the copy, making the book little more than pious porn for the average John Q. Missionary Position.

The total worth of *Total Sex* is less than the sum of its component parts. If you want your money's worth, you can roll the paperback edition up and use it to swat flies and other insects.

—Michael Sheeter

GLAMOUR CALENDAR ART

By Michael Colmer
Henry Regnery Company
180 North Michigan Ave.
Chicago, IL 60601
\$17.95



The cheesecake calendar was once a standard fixture in nearly every workshop, back room, garage, toolshed and warehouse in America. In years past, women with their skirts raised by a timely gust of wind or with their panties lowered by a playful puppy were brought to us through the courtesy of Clayball's Feed & Fertilizer or Sheeter's Poultry Processing, Inc. And just because there are only 12 months in a year didn't mean those panties couldn't remain at half-mast on the wall for a decade or more. Tits 'n ass are, after all, timeless.

Currently, however, fewer and fewer companies are employing this method of advertising as paper and printing costs skyrocket. The days of the cheesecake calendar are waning, and it is predicted that within a few years the calendar girl may disappear entirely.



Glamour Calendar Art holds memories of the shapes of days gone by.

Glamour Calendar Art, Michael Colmer's survey of six decades of back-room erotica, is a collection of the best artwork and photography this medium has produced. The book traces the history of calendar art from its beginnings in the early 20th century to its heyday in the late 1960s. The pictures are, to say the least, stunning, from the nostalgic pinups of the early days to the explicit nudes of later years.

Although Colmer believes that calendar art will endure, he doubts that it will regain the creative vigor that it exhibited in the past. In any event, *Glamour Calendar Art* is destined to become a collector's item.

HAULIN'

By Phillip Finch
Ballantine Books
201 East 50th St.
New York, NY 10022
\$1.75




Pill-popping gearjammer J. W. Pickett has been hauling loads cross-country for 30 years. He started trucking back in the 1940s, when suspensions were so bad that a driver peed red after a day behind the wheel. Back then, in the days before interstate highways, J. W. used to worry about being nabbed by smokies who plagued truckers as they rolled through one-horse towns. But today, as he sits comfortably in his Mack on

a Frisco-to-Boston run, he worries about his future—something that never really mattered before. Fifty years old, with a wife, an 11-year-old son, an unplanned baby on the way and not much in the bank—shit! He sees his family seldom enough as it is. Now, with the expense of a new arrival, J. W. figures he'll be trucking until he dies.

His wife, Doris, is worried about the new baby too. At the moment, however, she's more concerned about young John William, who split his head open in a schoolyard accident. Unable to reach her husband with news of the tragedy, she must face this crisis alone, solemnly waiting for her son either to regain consciousness or to die.

J. W.'s partner and apprentice, Lenny, is a summa cum laude graduate of UCLA who has forsaken the egghead scene for a life of trucking. Lenny is just beginning his love affair with the white line, but right now he's letting J. W. handle the Mack while he drives home a pretty hitchhiker named Mynette in the bunk of the tractor. Mynette has just left home (Eureka, Kansas) and is on her way to Boston to stay with her friend Annie.

Meanwhile, Annie's boyfriend Billy-Frank, a big-time dope dealer with a million dollars' worth of cocaine to get rid of fast, is searching for a way to ship the load to the West Coast before his thug customer gets impatient and gives him a hot lead enema.

At midpoint, this is the way things stand in Phillip Finch's novel *Haulin'*, a highly readable, suspenseful melodrama that should find a place in quite a few beach bags and backpacks this summer. Heavy literature it ain't, but you'll find yourself barreling through to the end. And in this television age, any book that can hold a reader's interest deserves a big 10-4. 

HUSTLER ON TRIAL

REPORT BY BRUCE DAVID

Last month, in the first episode of this two-part article on HUSTLER's Cincinnati trial, Executive Editor Bruce David filled readers in on the background of the obscenity and organized crime charges faced by Larry Flynt, his wife Althea, his brother Jimmy and HUSTLER Production Manager Al Van Schaik.

When given the assignment, Bruce demanded that he be allowed to report the trial as he saw it, even to the point that Larry Flynt would not have final say on the article's content. Bruce was on hand throughout the exhaustive trial to take extensive notes for his unabashed, upfront view of the proceedings.

When the trial began in mid-January 1977, the defense opened with arguments based on interpretation of the First Amendment and the definition of "obscenity" versus "tastelessness." After the judge's refusal to admit evidence vital to the defense, several respected authorities supported defense arguments with testimony that HUSTLER did not appeal to prurient interest. The prosecution, in turn, showed its stupidity and arrogance by classifying sex as disgusting and by bouncing the judge around on a string.

Now, in this concluding episode, Bruce David takes you through the rest of the events leading to the verdict that outraged America.

Any city looks good the first time you see it and Cincinnati is no exception. With a population of 425,300, it at least presents the unique attributes of a river city. Cincinnati is served by water freight carriers navigating the series of locks and dams on the 15,000-mile river system that includes the Mississippi. The port of Cincinnati handles about ten million tons of goods every year, including coal, petroleum, chemical fertilizers and grain. It is easy to imagine the adventurers, gamblers, thieves and cutthroats once attracted by the teeming commerce that must have passed through this river port on the old paddle-wheelers. Even today, it is possible to ride one of two paddleboats (the *Delta Queen* and the *Mississippi Queen*) that regularly ply the waters between Cincinnati and New Orleans.

There are many sights in a city with such a rich past, and I take advantage of my stay in Cincinnati by visiting the most important: the bars. Mindful that I am on assignment, one of my first visits is to the old HUSTLER Club on Walnut Street—a dark, "bust-out," go-go bar—renamed Changing Times. "Bust-out," in Ohio vernacular, means a bar where the girls hustle customers for drinks. Changing Times is just one of a number of similar bars clustered together in a one-block radius in the downtown area. HUSTLER loyalty aside, I frequent the Side Door, which is not really a bust-out bar so much as a hangout for has-been con men. I was there because some of the go-go girls and barmaids from the other joints hang out at the Side Door after work.

"Where are you from?" The waitress is not bad looking, but—even in this dim light—I can see the traces of age and hard living.

"Columbus." Looking at her, you know she has a kid somewhere and you can assume he's black.

"You looking for Jimmy? He was just here a minute ago." All of the go-go girls and barmaids know the Flynts. When

Illustration by Gary Hallgren





they talk about them, it's with the same deference reserved exclusively for high-rolling riverboat gamblers 100 years ago. This is Flynt territory. This is where Larry has his roots and this is where he first ran afoul of Simon Leis, the Hamilton County prosecutor.

I never heard the story directly from Larry, but apparently four or five years ago, when he still owned the HUSTLER Clubs, he got caught in a feud between two jealous women. The whole thing reached a head one night while he was sitting at a back table in another bar. Sam, one of the two girls, got drunk and pulled a gun on her rival. Larry quickly wrestled the gun from Sam's grip, but not before several shots were fired into the ceiling, at which point Sam, apparently sobbing, laid her head onto Larry's lap. Subsequently, he was prosecuted for discharging a firearm in a public place. Despite Larry's testimony (supported by Jimmy Flynt and Sam) that he had not fired the weapon, the judge sentenced Larry to 30 days in jail, which he, in fact, served.

Then, upon his release from jail, Leis hit Larry with a new charge: perjury. The reasoning was that since Larry had been convicted on the firearms charge, he must have been lying when he testified that it was Sam who actually fired the gun. Larry was once again convicted, but this time the verdict was set aside and a new trial was ordered.

Even so, it set the pattern for Leis's future tactics against HUSTLER: taking a misdemeanor and turning it into a felony. In regard to the magazine, conviction on obscenity would be a misdemeanor, but conspiracy to publish obscenity (the organized crime charge) is a felony. Under Leis's system, any prisoner who has ever testified as to his own innocence could be charged with perjury.

But these events have preceded my arrival at the Side Door and have already been incorporated into the Flynt legend. The people of Walnut Street recognize Flynt as being one of them. They see the trial as a continuation of the old battle between Walnut Street and Simon Leis.

When the waitress verifies that I am indeed from HUSTLER, she becomes extremely friendly and available, but I want to avoid hearing what I suspect will be an extended hard-luck story. So I turn my attention to a group of girls sitting at the piano bar. Most of them are from the other go-go clubs, but not the girl I wind up sitting next to.

"I work at the Ford plant. My shift just got off. I work on the assembly line . . . on transmissions." I look at her with my mouth hanging open. Why does this always happen to me?

Well, I figure, make the best of it. Besides, how hard can a Ford transmission lady be?

I mention that I work for HUSTLER. In Columbus, when you say you're from HUSTLER, people immediately start to edge away from the bar, but I figure, maybe here in Cincinnati, at a depraved bar like the Side Door, it might be worth some points.

"That whole deal is wrong." She starts a refrain that I will hear many times in Cincinnati, in many different places. "People should have the right to

Death and mutilation pass through the mail, while sex and loving must stand trial.

read what they want. I don't care for HUSTLER, myself. But I think it should be legal, even though it is cheap and stupid." It's funny how people always feel free to insult my work. Did I criticize her transmissions?

"What I object to is the war mailing," she says at last.

That's something else I would hear frequently. Just before the case came to trial, Larry got this idea to reprint our article "The Real Obscenity: War" (January 1977 issue), which featured gruesome Vietnam War photos, as a pamphlet, which he mailed to 400,000 residents of Hamilton County.

"That was a *really* dumb thing to do," she continues.

She might be right. Larry hadn't asked anyone's advice on the matter; he had simply informed us that he wanted it done immediately. Obviously, he was intent on taking the obscenity issue directly to the people. Who could blame him? Back when Flynt was waiting for a decision on the perjury rap (which had grown out of the gun charge), Leis turned around and slapped him with a sodomy charge (both are still pending), alleging that when Sam collapsed face down into his lap, she was actually giving him head. Having experienced Cincinnati justice, he was expecting the worst. So what if the war mailing created future legal hassles by possibly influencing some potential jurors. If Flynt didn't create the problems, Leis would. Besides, as Larry put it: "What are they going to do? Not try me?"

The pamphlets, complete with a question-and-answer form requesting each resident's view, were mailed at a cost of

\$50,000. Naturally, all shit broke loose. Cincinnati was up in arms—mainly at Flynt's audacity. Then the next thing I knew, Flynt was on television saying that if the majority of people answering the questionnaire disagreed with him and felt HUSTLER should be banned, "I will, regardless of the advice from counsel, plead guilty. I am prepared to do my 25 years in jail."

Outrageous! Who's going to count the returns? Us? Well, later I heard that Flynt actually took a lie detector test to verify that a majority of the returns agreed HUSTLER should not be suppressed. Still, the whole bit smacked of either insanity or grandstanding. Nobody ever said anything to me, but I assume Flynt had a good idea of how the returns were running before he made the statement. Even so, there was a certain element of risk, especially *after* he made the remark. How many negative responses, which otherwise might not have been mailed, went out in response to that announcement?

Anyway, the majority of responses also condemned the mailing itself. People felt that their privacy had been invaded. Fuck 'em! Some asshole in my neighborhood has been driving me crazy leaving plastic bags full of shopping coupons tied to my door, part of a local promotional campaign. I feel like I spend half my life throwing away plastic bags. What about *my* privacy?

In any case, nobody at HUSTLER, myself included, disagreed with the message of the pamphlet. We all recognized the political validity of lobbying for our own point of view. Society's priorities *are* turned around, when death and mutilation can pass through the mail unchallenged, while sex and loving must stand trial. Sure it shocked and offended the residents of Hamilton County. But America's zealous endorsement of the Vietnam War, which saw so many of our kids killed or mutilated, offended me. So does Cincinnati's attempt to tell me and everyone else what we can read. And as I sit at the Side Door talking to the girl, I realize her criticism points out that, in taking the issue of pornography directly to the people, we've made it a political issue.

"Listen," I say to the girl in the bar, as the evening starts to draw to a close, "this is the most interesting conversation I've had since I hit Cincinnati. You're really very intelligent." (I'm horny and drunk and willing to say anything to get laid. Even the worst slut wants to feel the guy respects her mind. I just respected her big tits.)

"I've really been enjoying this, too." She should. All I had done was nod my head, mumbling an occasional, "Yes, you're so right," while she rambled on.

"You're really fascinating," she whispers to me. That's true. But so are most drug-crazed, alcoholic, racist, anti-Semitic, neurotic, hostile, sexist, pervert writers.

"Well, let's go back to my hotel."

"I don't believe in that."

"In what? It's not a religion."

"I mean, I don't do it on the first night." I can't believe it. She's telling me this in a haven for winos and con men, after she's gotten off the 3 to 11 shift at the Ford plant?

"I'm sorry," I say. "I thought you liked me." I'm trying for sympathy. It is already two o'clock in the morning, closing time, and I know I'm not going to get another shot. I would do anything. I would eat her shoe.

"I like you a lot," she replies. "You really turn me on. That's why I don't want to do it."

"You mean, if you didn't like me, you would do it?"

"Yeah, 'cause then it wouldn't be important."

I begin to eat her shoe.

In court the next day, the defense concludes its testimony by placing HUSTLER Production Manager Al Van Schaik on the witness stand. Of all the defendants, he will be the only one to speak in his own behalf, largely because Herald Fahringer worries that the defendants could say something to incriminate themselves.

Once a defendant testifies, the prosecution is allowed to bring in supportive material that would be relevant to the character of the defendant, though not necessarily relevant to the trial. In Larry's case it would mean Leis could introduce into evidence the gun episode, the conviction, the perjury charge and even the pending sodomy charge, regardless of their trumped-up nature. Why open that can of worms?

Even Althea would be better off keeping her mouth shut. Althea's a nice kid, but she is a little weird. Without going into great detail—more than one HUSTLER staffer has left a half-finished lunch when Althea suddenly decided to launch into one of her vivid decapitation stories. She's a nice kid, but no one will eat lunch with her.

Anyway, Van Schaik takes the stand to say, in effect, that his job at HUSTLER is quality control—not content—which is true. His only responsibility is to see that the ink goes on properly at the printers. Technical stuff.

Then Assistant Prosecutor Fred Cartolano starts cross-examination by establishing Al's salary: \$33,000 a year. Cartolano makes a big to-do about this, acting as if the salary were enormous. He's trying to make the jurors jealous. It

has no apparent effect on the jurors. But I make a note to ask for a raise.

Then the cat-and-mouse game begins in earnest, with Cartolano trying to establish that Al knows what's in the magazine, because he has to "examine it."

"I examine the printing," Al replies jauntily, a sly smile playing across his face.

Cartolano becomes irritated. "But you have to look at the magazine?"

"I look at it, sure." Al stays cool, almost contemptuous.

"So, aren't you talking about the end product?" Cartolano persists, his voice on edge.

"Simon Leis reminds me of a marine drill sergeant," Harold Robbins says.

"The printed product."

"The photographs?"

"The ink on the paper." Great! People in the editorial department are going to have to reconsider all those unkind remarks about Al's IQ.

"The ink makes up a picture." Cartolano is determined.

"It makes up dots." Tears are forming in my eyes. It's beautiful. This guy is doing great. Dots. Too much.

"Just black dots?" Cartolano is incredulous.

"No," Al retorts, pausing for a moment, "the colored dots, too."

It is during this period of the trial that Harold Robbins arrives in town. I have never read a Robbins novel, and the only movie I've seen based on one of his books was *The Carpetbaggers*, which I saw in a drive-in while trying to get into the pants of this very reluctant Polish girl. All I remember for sure is that Alan Ladd was in it, it was in color and I didn't get laid.

When I arrived at HUSTLER on December 1, 1975, I had reason to regret my lack of attention during that movie. I had been in town for less than a week when Larry informed me that Harold Robbins was "unquestionably America's greatest novelist." Though I wondered what had happened to Melville, Faulkner, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Mailer and Pynchon, I felt I knew what Larry was saying. Robbins is an incredible success. He is certainly America's most widely read contemporary author. If nothing else, Robbins has tuned into

the American psyche and serves back his findings in the form of a printed opiate.

Larry read his first Harold Robbins novel—which was, coincidentally, *The Carpetbaggers*—when he was 15. It had an incredible impact on him. In some measure, it may have given him the vision of wealth and power that fueled his drive to become successful. Now in Cincinnati, it was all coming full circle.

Robbins, himself, is writing a novel entitled *Dreams Die First*, which is about the publisher of a successful girlie magazine. As part of his research, the novelist had contacted Larry, and the two men seemed to be hitting it off like long-lost brothers.

Robbins has flown into town to lend his support, however tentative. He will not testify for the defense, but will, instead, make a public statement to the press in defense of the First Amendment. The jurors have been instructed not to watch television or to read the papers, but no one really believes they are paying attention to this admonition.

My first encounter with Robbins occurs as he, Flynt, Althea and I are being driven across town to some Cincinnati five-way chili parlor. Robbins is talking about the trial and about the cold wave.

"Simon Leis reminds me of a marine drill sergeant," Robbins says, proving himself to be a sharp observer. No one has told him that Leis is, in fact, an ex-marine. "But he reminds me of the kind of drill sergeant who, after kicking the shit out of some young recruit, would try to fuck him when making up with him."

Statements like that are for private consumption. Robbins handles the press differently. "The press is always looking for something catchy," he opines. "So when I got off the plane I remembered that Fahrenheit 451 is the temperature books burn at. I figured since the temperature in Cincinnati is minus 20, I'll tell the press that's the temperature they freeze books at."

"Hey," Larry interrupts Robbins to shout across to me, "that's a good line. Did you get that line?" I already had.

"I don't feel there's anything wrong with stealing a line if it's good," Larry continues. "All that matters is that it helps you to communicate. Communication is the important thing. You gonna steal it, Bruce?"

"I thought about it." Actually I do steal lines now and then, but not as much as Flynt. When he and Fahringer are on a television talk show together, it's a race to see who's going to steal which line from whom.

But as it turns out, I don't steal the line. Although Robbins drops it at the press conference, reporters fail to pick it

up. He will have to do better than that, if he wants me to steal his stuff.

* * *

After the defense makes its case, the prosecution brings in three rebuttal witnesses. The first witness for the prosecution is something of a surprise: local TV anchorman Al Schottelkotte. Over vigorous objections from the defense, Schottelkotte is allowed to testify about the WCPO-TV random telephone survey conducted two days before Christmas. The poll, Schottelkotte tells the jury, reveals that 47 percent of the 470 persons called say, "Yes, magazines that portray explicit sexual acts and nudity in all aspects should be considered legally obscene," while 29.4 percent say "no" and 23.6 percent are "undecided."

"I take it you are not a person with special training in opinion taking," Fahringer cross-examines Schottelkotte.

"No." Schottelkotte sits blank-faced, looking like a giant turd with clothes on.

"Are you aware, Mr. Schottelkotte, that the code of the American Association of Pollsters won't allow them to poll during the two weeks of Christmas or the week before Easter?"

"No."

Schottelkotte additionally admits that no attempt had been made to establish the age, race, sex, religion or occupation of the people called, nor was any attempt made to establish whether or not those called had actually read *HUSTLER* or any other men's magazines. This latter point prompts one of the *HUSTLER* lawyers to ask Schottelkotte: "Would you accept my opinion on the value of your television program if I told you I'd never seen it?"

"No," Schottelkotte admits, his voice empty, his expression waning. Sitting in the courtroom it seems to me that the turdlike anchorman has just been flushed.

Next to testify is Thomas Sant, a young, bearded English instructor at the University of Cincinnati. Once he takes the witness stand, it's clear that his intellectual image belies a rigid, reactionary, anti-intellectual philosophy.

"A work of art is a basic conceptual order with the artist's ideas about the way the world is structured woven through it," Sant tells the jury by way of preparing his judgment on *HUSTLER*. "It appeals to the emotions through form." His manner is articulate, refined, pedagogic.

According to my notes, he continues, "*HUSTLER* has no redeeming literary or artistic value. In fact, the writing is crude and frequently semiliterate. . . . If I were grading this writing in my class, it would average out to a 'C.'"

Everybody's a critic.

As it turns out, Sant's own credentials are questionable. During cross-examination, Fahringer establishes in rapid sequence that Sant has published no articles or books, that he was born in Utah, is a Mormon and has been a resident of Cincinnati for only the last couple of years. Speaking softly, through a friendly, almost fatherly smile, Fahringer then asks, "I take it, Mr. Sant, that you have some sympathy for your church's stand against obscenity?"

"Oh, yes," answers Sant. Pressing the issue, Fahringer also reveals that, as a Mormon, Sant is against drinking coffee

Cartolano
tells the jury:
"HUSTLER
will blow your
mind. It's the
nightmare of a
degenerate."

or tea. He hardly reflects Cincinnati's community standards.

"Do you believe the government has the right to censor literature?"

Sant, sensing trouble, is a shade reluctant to answer. Finally, my notes indicate, he says, "Yes. I don't think I should be allowed to read whatever I want. I think the community as a whole should decide. The choice should *not* be left to me." The answer is tailored for the prosecution.

Fahringer, still smiling encouragingly, his voice warm and soothing: "And I take it, Mr. Sant, that if the community says you should not have the right to read James Joyce's *Ulysses* or Hemingway or, for that matter, even the *Ladies' Home Journal*, this would be OK with you. Is that correct?"

Sant, hedging: "The classics are not at issue."

Fahringer, a shade less friendly: "But they were at one time."

Sant, attempting to remain professorial: "Well, I think you have to go by what the community says, but in a case like you're describing . . . it's up to the intellectual community to educate the majority so that they would not ban good literature or so that if they did, the ban could be overturned."

Fahringer: "But if you were told not to read *Ulysses*, you would comply, would you not?"

Sant: "Yes."

There is a hush in the courtroom. Sant's admission takes on palpable form, hanging over the spectators like an executioner's ax. Under Sant's concep-

tion of law, a free press would be doomed.

But if Sant's testimony indicates a narrow view of the world, it is nothing compared to the testimony of a political science professor from Miami (Ohio) University. Reo Christenson is a shriveled, bespectacled academician, with the aura of a stern, discipline-oriented Sunday school teacher. He teaches and writes extensively on the subject of pornography and has contributed to *The Nation*, *Progressive*, the New York *Times* editorial and opinion section (Op-Ed page) and the minority report of the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography. Testifying as an authority on Cincinnati's community standards, Christenson states that *HUSTLER* is patently offensive and definitely exceeds local boundaries of acceptability.

One wonders about the caliber of people that the *Times* allows to appear on its Op-Ed page. The fact that Christenson was a contributor to the minority report of the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography makes me suspect that his IQ can only be measured in negative integers. During cross-examination my suspicions are confirmed. Christenson (who is, after all, the prosecution's supposed "expert witness" on local community standards) admits that he has not seen a movie, gone to a nightclub or examined any other men's magazines in the past year. Even more untoward, Christenson admits that during the past year, he has visited Cincinnati no more than five or six times.

Paul Cambria, who represents Jimmy Flynt, is so startled by Christenson's admission, that he blurts out an objection. "I've been in Cincinnati more days than he has."

The objection is overruled.

"Do you know," Cambria asks when he takes over for Fahringer, "that in Hamilton County there are magazines that contain descriptions of incest, bestiality and which also depict nudity, sexual intercourse and fellatio?"

Christenson gets a strange look on his face. My notes indicate he says, "Well, yes, but they're not the same, they don't show . . . penises in the anus . . . pulling it out . . . sticking it in the mouth . . . they don't show feces on penises. . . ."

Suddenly Christenson is rambling. His eyes are darting about the room. His head is turning back and forth. His lips curl back against his teeth. Maybe Christenson's mind has snapped. He seems a babbling, raging, slobbering, pathetic body filling nothing more than the suit he is wearing. That's it! I now understand what he has in common with



"I think I found the trouble, Mr. President."

Leis, Cartolano, Morrissey and the numerous other right-wing closet perverts who pace the sometimes crowded corridors of the Hamilton County Courthouse—just suits walking around with bodies in them. Bodies and heads with eyes that can't see beyond the seven hills surrounding the city.

The defense and prosecution huddle with the judge and then the professor is led from the witness stand, confused. As he walks past me, someone asks him if he is finished testifying and he answers, as if in a fog, "I don't know."

The trial seems to be turning into the circus I had expected. Testimony from Sant, Christenson and Schottelkotte notwithstanding, an even more bizarre act is now added to the spectacle: Plainclothes cops from Indianapolis enter the courtroom during the closing days of the trial apparently to gather material for a possible case against HUSTLER in their own district.

Jim Bolen, one of Larry's bodyguards, first points out the cops to me as we sit stoically in the courtroom. "Did you notice those three guys over there?" Bolen whispers, leaning over from the row behind me. His eyes are bright with anger. "They're cops. You can always tell cops even when they're in plain clothes. They try to dress hip, but always wind up looking like hoods."

I look over at the men in question and have to agree. But can we be positive?

"Yeah. I've been watching them," Bolen elaborates with a mischievous smile. "One of them got stopped by the bailiff and had to flash his badge."

As Bolen speaks, I notice that one of the cops is taking pictures with a Minox. Another is recording the proceedings on a cassette—*right there in the courtroom*. I don't know if what they are doing is illegal, but I do know that the press has been prohibited from doing the same thing. What's more, the cop with the camera seems to be photographing HUSTLER personnel. The idea of my picture popping up somewhere in the Indianapolis police files disturbs me profoundly. The minute the courtroom recesses for a break, I make sure that a couple of the local reporters covering the trial are made aware of just what is going on.

When the recess ends, one of the bailiffs tells the cops to cease their activities. But the minute the bailiff leaves, the guy with the recorder turns it on again, according to a reporter who says he saw the guy do it. Nonetheless, no mention of this irregularity appears in the next day's newspapers.

The final summation, led by Fred Cartolano, presents Fahringer with something of a shock. Fahringer's style is to use the same basic summation, tailored somewhat to the situation, for all his obscenity cases. And why not? It's a speech he's refined to perfection

over the years. However, the prosecutors had apparently discovered Fahringer's little secret. As the dapper lawyer sits quietly stricken, Cartolano details exactly what the defense (Fahringer) is planning to tell the jury.

They will tell you, Cartolano advises the twelve men and women, that bringing in a guilty verdict on HUSTLER is comparable to the Salem witch-hunts. They will tell you about the black smoke and the stench of burning flesh from Salem, and they will try to make you believe that it has some relevancy here. They will suggest to you that the "witches" were burned to protect the children of Salem and that if you, the citizens of Cincinnati, act to prevent your own children from being exposed to this kind of filth, somehow you will be guilty of a similar hysteria. They will tell you that pornography is the witch-hunt of the 20th century.

Cartolano even goes into Fahringer's bit, which Larry has stolen on numerous occasions, about freedom being an X-rated movie playing in a nice neighborhood. And how a few years ago it was kids with long hair tramping through a federal courthouse, shouting, "Hell no, we won't go!" And how freedom is also construction workers shouting, "America, love it or leave it!"

Cartolano has some ideas of his own as well. Beginning with the accusation that "HUSTLER is evil," he goes on to argue that HUSTLER can, in fact, be tried legally in Hamilton County because it was placed before the public there, "and the law says whoever aids and abets in a crime is just as guilty as the person who actually committed the crime."

"HUSTLER will blow your mind," he tells them. "It's the nightmare of a degenerate. . . . And don't worry about censorship. That's just the bogeyman all pornographers toss out. . . . The law says you have a right to read anything you want in the privacy of your own home. But the law has a right to step in on public distribution. It's not against the law to read or view this kind of material. It is against the law when it is made public to others."

By the time he is finished, I'm ready to puke.

However, Fahringer rebounds nicely; he drops the business about the witches entirely, and downplays the stuff about freedom being an X-rated movie in a nice neighborhood.

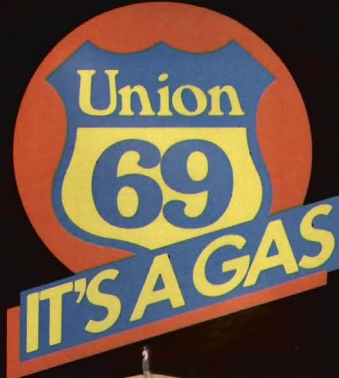
"Freedom doesn't mean anything," Fahringer explains, "if it's not offensive. Freedom is putting up with an awful lot in society which is distasteful to many. Freedom is only meaningful if it includes *all* speech, no matter who is

(continued on page 90)



Some women never learn. Maybe it's because they just don't have the ability. Take this pair for example. After dropping out of Bryn Mawr, they filled out a matchbook cover application for mechanics' school rather than going home to learn how to cook.

At school, they took one look at the '41 Chevy, stripped down quickly and hopped in the back seat; the instructor tried to shed some light



on the importance of teamwork, but the pair soon became boggled by open-end and box-end wrenches.

After their futile attempt to find the pushrod tubes, it was obvious the daring duo had no idea which end was up. So these hapless heroines of modern womanhood took one last look at the situation before trading in their greasy uniforms for clean aprons and their tire gauges for egg timers.









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ARAB THE MONEY INVASION THAT NEVER HAPPENED

ARTICLE BY STEPHEN BARBER

Not long ago, America was being bombarded with facts and figures from the columns of the staid, respectable *Wall Street Journal*, from leading economists and from the U. S. Treasury, adding up to an urgent warning: The Arabs are coming! The Arabs are coming!

In 1974, there was talk around Washington that U. S. Marines were being trained to grab the Middle East oil fields in a blitzkrieg operation in the event of another Arab oil embargo, like that in the winter of 1973.

It is a fact that the newly rich Arabs are exceedingly well-heeled, but they are overawed, even intimidated, by the complexities of doing business in America. Treasury officials who were once worried about how the Western World would soon be awash in "petrodollars" are currently grumbling that the U. S. is getting less than its fair share of them.

Similarly, fears that the fierce, brown-eyed sheikhs with their flowing robes would sweep in off the desert to carry away the flower of American womanhood also proved groundless. As it turns out, most Arabs are lousy lovers—members of the slam-bam-thank-you-ma'am school.

The truth is that most Arabs are circumspect and shy—particularly when they get to the States. The Saudi Arabian Oil Minister, Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani, demonstrated this when he visited Panama City, Florida, in March 1976 to nail down his takeover (which had begun in 1973) of Aramco (the Arabian American Oil Company) from Exxon, Mobil, Texaco and Standard of California. He flew in direct by royal Saudi jet. The entire 1,100-acre Bay Point Yacht and Country Club was emptied of its exclusive membership just to accommodate him. For five days the entire spread was off limits to the natives. Private plainclothes guards, ugly and well-armed, walked the club's perimeter while helicopters patrolled overhead to chase off nosy press planes. The Saudis later explained they were afraid Yamani would be kidnapped. He had been one of 11 OPEC (Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries) oil ministers seized by Palestinian terrorists in Vienna a few months earlier.

Although they shun the limelight, Arabs—the big, rich ones—are apt to cut a wide swath wherever they go, except in the bedroom. For instance, they like to gamble and don't seem to mind losing a lot of cash. Three Saudi princes

dropped \$1 million in five days in Las Vegas not long ago, causing a stir. But it wasn't the Arabs' idea of a high roller's game, according to my sources. Crown Prince Fahd, a brother of the King of Saudi Arabia, lost \$6 million at Monte Carlo's Society for Sea Bathing in one weekend—and was greatly irked that it made the papers. The money meant little to Fahd; it was the publicity he resented.

The Arabs with all the heavy money these days are men of the great deserts, who led simple lives until recently. They and their sons, for the most part, had remained devout Moslems. They said their prayers four times a day and eschewed alcohol—although some chewed a mild narcotic called gat (pronounced *gut*) which has much the same kick as marijuana. Before they got rich, these desert Arabs were even looked down upon by their wilier cousins, the Arabs of the Mediterranean coast: the Lebanese (both Christian and Moslem), the Syrians and the Egyptians. The desert Arabs were content to count their wealth in terms of sheep and camels until Western geologists located "black gold" just under their feet. (The charm of Mideast oil is that it lies close to the surface and is thus cheap to extract.) Suddenly, the camel jockeys were hurled into the 20th century—with a lot of real gold to spend—and everyone's attitude changed.

The desert Arabs' Lebanese cousins did a quick about-face and were soon in the happy position of being the oil monarchs' brokers because of their export facilities. They were also, to put it bluntly, their pimps. Many still are, although they prefer to be thought of as the Swiss of the region. Overnight, the city of Beirut sprouted plush hotels, fancy casinos and even some fancier bordellos. It became a major tourist-trap city catering to the rich innocents from the Persian Gulf as well as the American and other foreign contractors' personnel working in the new oil fields.

Just before the messy civil war in Lebanon began, a scandal broke out in Beirut. A well-to-do desert Arab, responding to the biological urge, decided to sample the diversions available at the house of a certain Madame Afaf. He presented himself at this establishment, was hospitably received and seated in the parlor as the girls were paraded for his selection. To the consternation of all concerned, he had a sudden heart attack. An ambulance was called and he

was carted off, gurgling incoherently. It turned out that he had been confronted with the sight of his teenage daughter, nude and obviously not virgin. When he came to, he raised so much hell that Lebanon's Prime Minister Sami Solh was compelled to order an investigation. This, in turn, had far reaching consequences since it became evident that Madame Afaf numbered among her clients half the Lebanese cabinet and other prominent citizenry, including the public prosecutor, the head of the police vice squad and a number of foreign diplomats. Moreover, she had prudently made home movies of most of these men in action. Fortunately for everyone, perhaps, the government fell shortly afterward.

"Sex with an Arab," a hard-bitten Beirut bar girl once told me, "is an ego trip for him." According to her, the idea that it might be even better if he could bring his partner off is foreign, even disgusting, to him. Of course, those who've traveled to the West—especially to the States for education in oil technology—have learned a few tricks. But mostly they're just shy. "All they want is to get the dirty water off," she says.

A Lebanese millionaire of my acquaintance solemnly took sex lessons as a young man of 21 from a grisly old whore named Sonia. He'd have a session with her once a week the way some peo-

ple will with their golf or tennis pro. But he surprised me with the confession that these sessions seldom took him longer than ten minutes. Years later I asked his first wife, who by then had contrived to escape and marry a Westerner—a rare feat for an Arab woman—how much good her husband's sex studies had done him. "Hell!" she said when she stopped laughing, "his thing was boys—I always thought you were one of them!"

It's not possible to generalize about an entire people, to be sure, but there's no doubt that homosexuality is a fine old Arab tradition. There's a favorite saying in the Mideast: "Women are to make sons; boys are for pleasure—but a duck is sheer delight!" Although Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's half-English wife is a leading feminist, there is very little nonsense about a women's rights movement in the Arab world. An Arab Moslem can have four wives at a time, all of whom must be treated equally, but he can divorce any of them simply by stating as much, three times, before witnesses. The oil-rich Moslems don't do this much nowadays. However the Arab wife still knows her place. Ironically, some of the unhappiest women in Arabia are those who, as a treat, have been taken on trips to Europe or the States and had a fleeting chance to taste freedom.

This doesn't mean that Arabs do not

have a weakness for Western women. They do. But they very rarely marry them. Arabs who collect blondes abroad and bring them home as trophies—before sending them back where they came from—do so because it is fashionable in the same way big game hunting is for some rich Texans. Once the girls get demanding, petulant or otherwise cause problems, their collectors waste no time dumping them.

There are business girls who know how to turn the Arab weakness for Western women to good account. One Irish beauty has been making a lot of money selling encyclopedias to Arabian nobles around the Persian Gulf. They invariably attempt to date her; she always has an excellent excuse and promises to phone the next day—by which time she has moved to another place. Doesn't she get a lot of canceled orders this way? She says not. "Once he has signed on the dotted line, I've never known one to renege. They think that's dishonorable," she boasts.

An aircraft broker I know sold a much-used Lockheed Electra to a sheikh from one of the Emirates in what was formerly called the Trucial States, who had actually been in the market for a new, much more expensive executive jet. My friend did not happen to have one on hand at the time. Asked how he had unloaded the old plane, he explained that he found a bouncy, high-breasted showgirl, put her in a stewardess uniform and took the Arab for a demonstration flight. The old boy was captivated. The only thing he insisted on was that the aircraft be delivered personally in an "as is" condition. And it was—showgirl/stewardess and all.

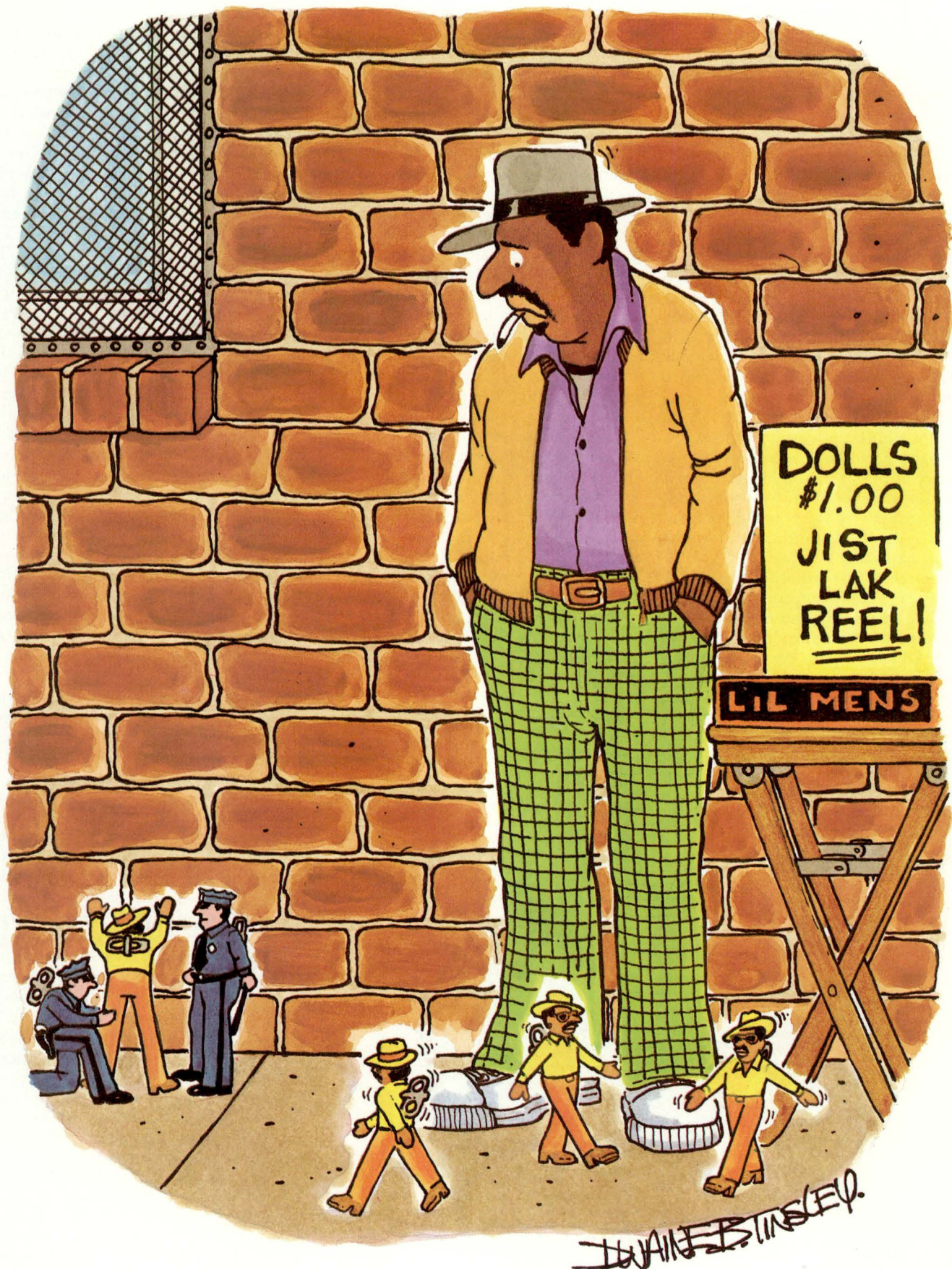
Actually, anyone with a fast tongue can coax coins from Arabs. The rich Arabs have plenty of money to throw away, and it's tempting to those who scent the prospect of pulling the old Brooklyn Bridge con.

For example, one sheikh recently demonstrated his willingness to part with his money by inquiring whether the Alamo was for sale. He wanted it for his favorite son's birthday. He was ripe for plucking if ever anyone was.

In the wake of the Yom Kippur war in 1973, the ensuing Arab oil blockade caused the quadrupling of the price of crude by OPEC. There was something of a panic in Washington and in West European capitals. The vast sums of money produced by rising oil costs began seriously troubling government economists.

Estimates varied, but the World Bank itself figured that OPEC—especially its Arab members—would run up its fiscal





reserves to an incredible \$1.2 trillion by 1985. That would be approximately equivalent to the entire Gross National Product of the U. S. for one year at that time. The London *Economist* stated that the oil producers were getting rich so fast that they would be in a position to buy up IBM in 143 days and California's Bank of America, the nation's largest banking organization, lock, stock and barrel within six days.

These frightening figures declined somewhat in the month that followed. The World Bank cut its estimate of OPEC's 1980 surplus to about \$480 billion. The prestigious Brookings Institution, a Washington, D. C. think tank, knocked down its figure to a mere \$150 billion. But this is still an enormous amount of money to be floating around—especially since so much of it is in the hands of people who are hard pressed to think up ways to unload it.

William E. Simon, secretary of the Treasury at the time, and his staff saw it as an almost patriotic duty to work out ways of soaking up the petrodollar flood before it could destabilize the entire Western capitalist system.

When the first international conference of energy-consuming nations was called in Washington early in 1974, it was largely for the purpose of trying to funnel OPEC's—and particularly the Arabs'—new-found surpluses into wor-

thy projects, such as helping poorer nations. The conference was also designed as an educational exercise to teach the sheikhs that it would do them no good to sink the industrialized nations of the West.

Mopping up Arab money became a fixation in Washington and presented some novel problems. Almost every proposed project would have made the Saudis richer than ever. For example, one project proposed converting excess natural gas in the Saudi oil fields into fertilizers, badly needed in the underdeveloped world. This plan met serious objections. Even though erection of the necessary conversion plant would soak up about \$5 billion, the resulting output would probably amount to 50 percent of the world's current supply of chemical fertilizers, giving the Arabs a monopoly on another commodity.

To the surprise of most economists, the commercial banking system and the Treasury have demonstrated that they have the capacity to absorb much more Arab money than was originally thought possible. And the Arabs have proven to be quite conservative. They are not a threat to the American free enterprise system or the nation's security, and many of them have not even proven to be very shrewd. In fact, some burned their fingers shelling out petrodollars for 1970s flimflams.

Arabs have found that it's more trouble than it's worth to acquire—or try to acquire—going concerns in America. A classic example is Adnan Khashoggi's attempt to purchase the Bank of San Jose, California. Khashoggi, who claims to be passionately fond of the U. S., began his career here while a student in the business school at Stanford University. He quit school because his studies began to conflict with his money making. A couple of years ago he tried to buy the Bank of San Jose for an estimated \$15 million. It didn't work. The way he tells the story, he only wished to salvage a failing concern but quickly found himself up against local interests, which closed ranks against him. After months of expensive haggling, he pulled out of the contest.

Another up-and-coming Saudi, Ghaith Pharaon, had an even bumpier ride when he tried to get control of the Bank of the Commonwealth in Detroit. Even though Pharaon came up with \$10.5 million in cash, with an equal amount in escrow, the Bank of the Commonwealth was in trouble. As of last report, the bank was still hurting, owing the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation \$35 million that was due April 1977. This left the Arab in a fix. Should he pump in more cash or drop out and write off as much as \$21 million to experience?

"All things considered," an associate of Adnan Khashoggi's remarked, "Adnan had better luck than Pharaon by being shut out of San Jose!"

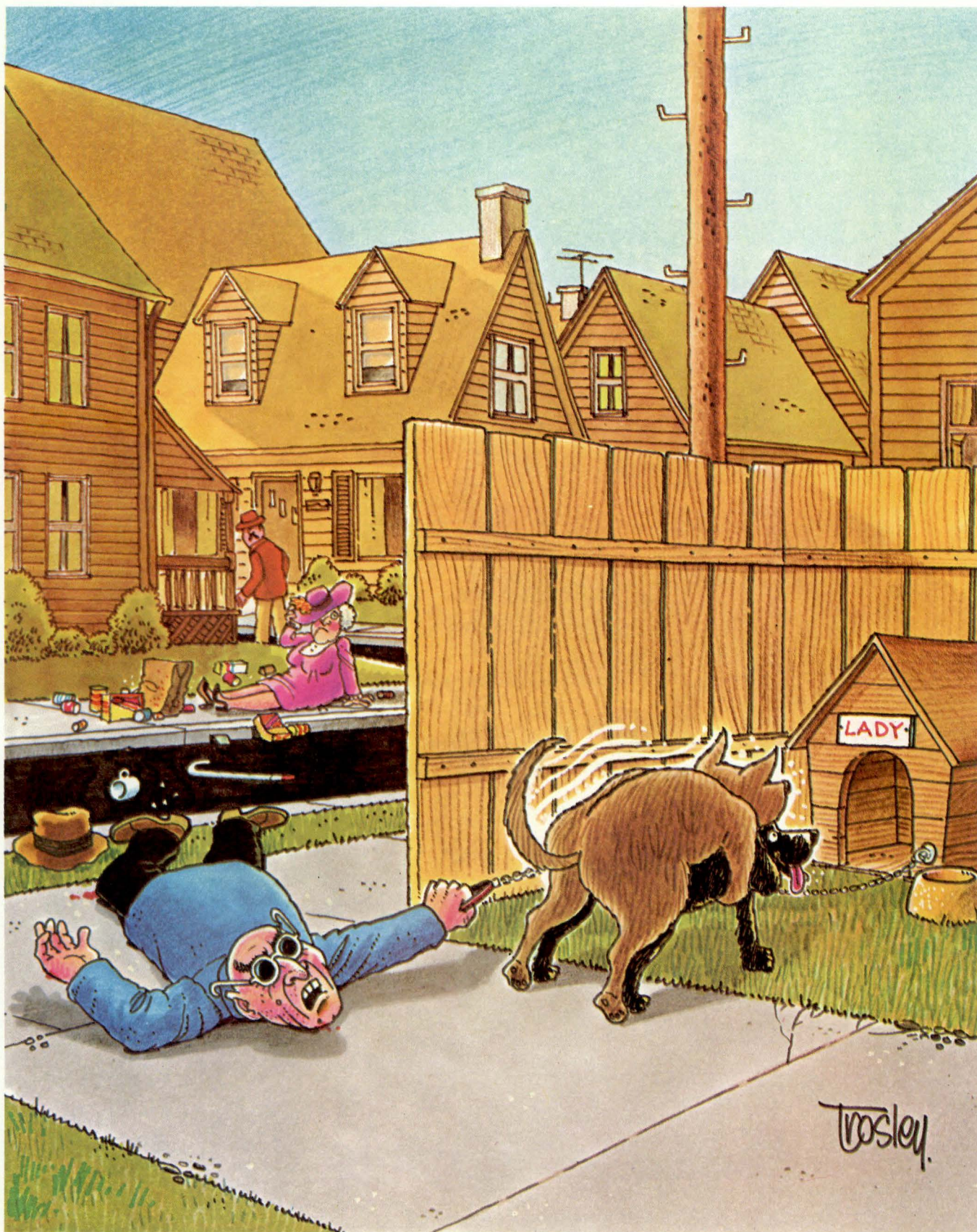
The purchase of Kiawah Island, off the South Carolina coast near Charleston, by the Kuwait Investment Company, is another case of Arab projects going sour. That deal, which represented an investment of \$17.4 million, pitted Arabs against environmentalists who contended that the project—a proposed luxury resort—would wreck a wildlife sanctuary. It was eventually sorted out, but not without the hiring of platoons of lawyers and lobbyists, which added up to unfamiliar delays and expenses. Arabs have never before had to deal with the likes of Ralph Nader or the Sierra Club.

The consequences of these experiences, and others like them, have impelled wealthy Arab oil barons interested in America to go into less contentious ventures. So, they have been buying stock and certificates of deposit and concentrating generally on relatively liquid investments. They have usually steered clear of real estate and other fixed assets, although Khashoggi has taken two floors of the Olympic

(continued on page 118)



"Why can't she use a pacifier like other kids?"



"Heel! Heel!"


MONICA

SHE'S GOT THE TIME






Photographed by Clive McLean



Monica Chapa may be only 19, but working as a dancer in her mother's nightclub — the Ballbuster — in Dayton, Ohio, has given her the opportunity to spread her wings and be as independent as she's always wanted to be.

Even though Monica likes dancing and feels comfortable around men, she hasn't got a steady boyfriend and doesn't feel the need for one yet. "I'm young and I've got the time," Monica says. "My whole life is ahead of me."

When asked what kind of man she likes, Monica responded, "Someone who won't hold me down. I don't want my ambition to make a man feel less masculine, but I'd like to open my own boutique eventually. I couldn't settle for staying at home seven days a week with no outside interests. I think that the man I choose would be very lucky to have me. I wouldn't grab on to him and cling — I'd just kind of snuggle up."

A full-page photograph of a woman lying down, her head tilted back with eyes closed. She is wearing a strapless white lace-trimmed garment and a diamond choker. Her hands, with red-painted nails, are placed on her thighs. In the center of her pubic area, the face of a man is visible, looking upwards. The background consists of horizontal wooden slats.

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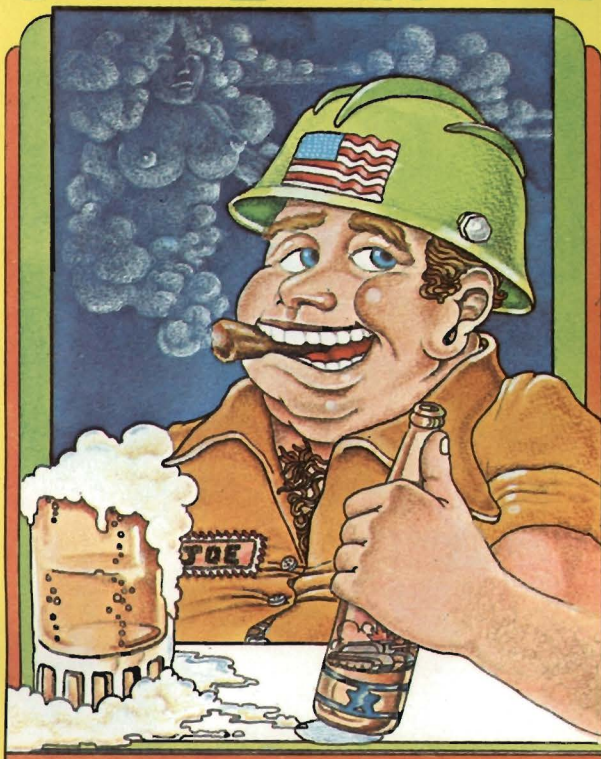
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HUSTLER HUMOR



...and if you think that's funny...

A man and woman were lying in bed trying to think of ways to save money. He grabbed her by the tits and said, "If these things could give milk, we could get rid of the cows." Then he grabbed her by the cunt and exclaimed, "If *this* would lay eggs, we could get rid of the chickens."

Suddenly she grabbed his cock. "Yeah, and if this damned thing would get hard, we could get rid of your brother."

HUSTLER defines *Ultimate Embarrassment* as: walking into a wall with a hard-on and breaking your nose.

A salesman went into a hotel to get a room for the night. The hotel clerk said the only room available had no screens in the windows and warned that the flies were terrible. The salesman said he'd take the room anyway.

When the salesman was checking out the next morning, the clerk asked him how he had managed with the flies.

"I bunched them up," the salesman replied.

"What do you mean you bunched them up?" the clerk asked.

"I shit in the corner," the salesman answered.

HUSTLER defines a *Jewish Fag* as: a Heblew.

Did you hear about the hillbilly who bought his wife a washer and dryer for their anniversary? They were a douche bag and a towel.

A long-haired young man had been on the road for months and hadn't bathed in all that time. He was hitchhiking cross-country, but all he got from every driver he thumbed was a distasteful look. Then he spotted a truck driver's hat lying in a ditch. He picked it up, pushed his hair up under his new hat and thumbed the first passing semi. The trucker stopped his big rig.

As soon as he was on his way, the trucker noticed his rider's incredible odor and asked, "Hey, buddy, ever suck your daddy's dick?"

"No, I don't believe I have," the wimpy longhair replied.

"Ever fuck your mama then?" the trucker queried further. With this, the longhair jerked off the hat and said, "Look, motherfucker, I found this hat! I ain't no truck driver!"

Did you hear about the Polack who put a pair of "odor-eaters" in his shoes, took three steps and disappeared?

There once was a gal named Longet,
Who flew into Aspen to stay.

Along came a Spider,
Who sat down beside her,
And she blew the poor fucker away.

Two Polacks bought a truck and decided to go into business together. They went to the docks and purchased a truckload of watermelons for \$1 apiece. Upon returning to their neighborhood they proceeded to sell them for \$1 apiece. After emptying the truck, they returned to the docks and did the same thing all over again. While emptying the truck for the second time, one Polack turned to the other and said, "For some reason, we aren't making any damn money."

"It's no damn wonder, you fuckin' idiot," the second Polack replied angrily. "I told you from the very beginning that we needed a bigger truck."

HUSTLER defines *Rock Piles* as: petrified hemorrhoids.

The newcomer at the bar had modestly laid claim to an infallible ability to identify the ingredients and brand of any drink. The other customers at once ordered the bartender to mix drinks to test the man, and bets were laid quickly.

The newcomer took a small sip of each drink, rolled it around on his tongue, narrowed his eyes and then identified the contents and brand. He was never wrong. The bartender went to imaginative extremes, but the newcomer could even tell the year in which the liquor in each drink was bottled. It was a most impressive feat.

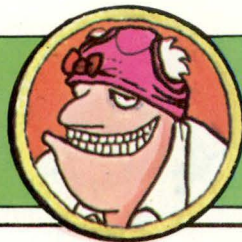
During all this, a lush at the end of the bar was observing the proceedings closely. Finally, he came to life. Sliding a glass down the bar, he shouted, "Identify *that*, wise guy."

The liquor expert took his usual small taste, then spat it out and said in a strangled voice, "That's piss!"

"Well, of course," said the drunk, "but whose?"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke to us on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: **HUSTLER Humor**, 40 West Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215. If your joke is selected, we will send you a check for \$25. Sorry, we cannot return jokes. 🍷

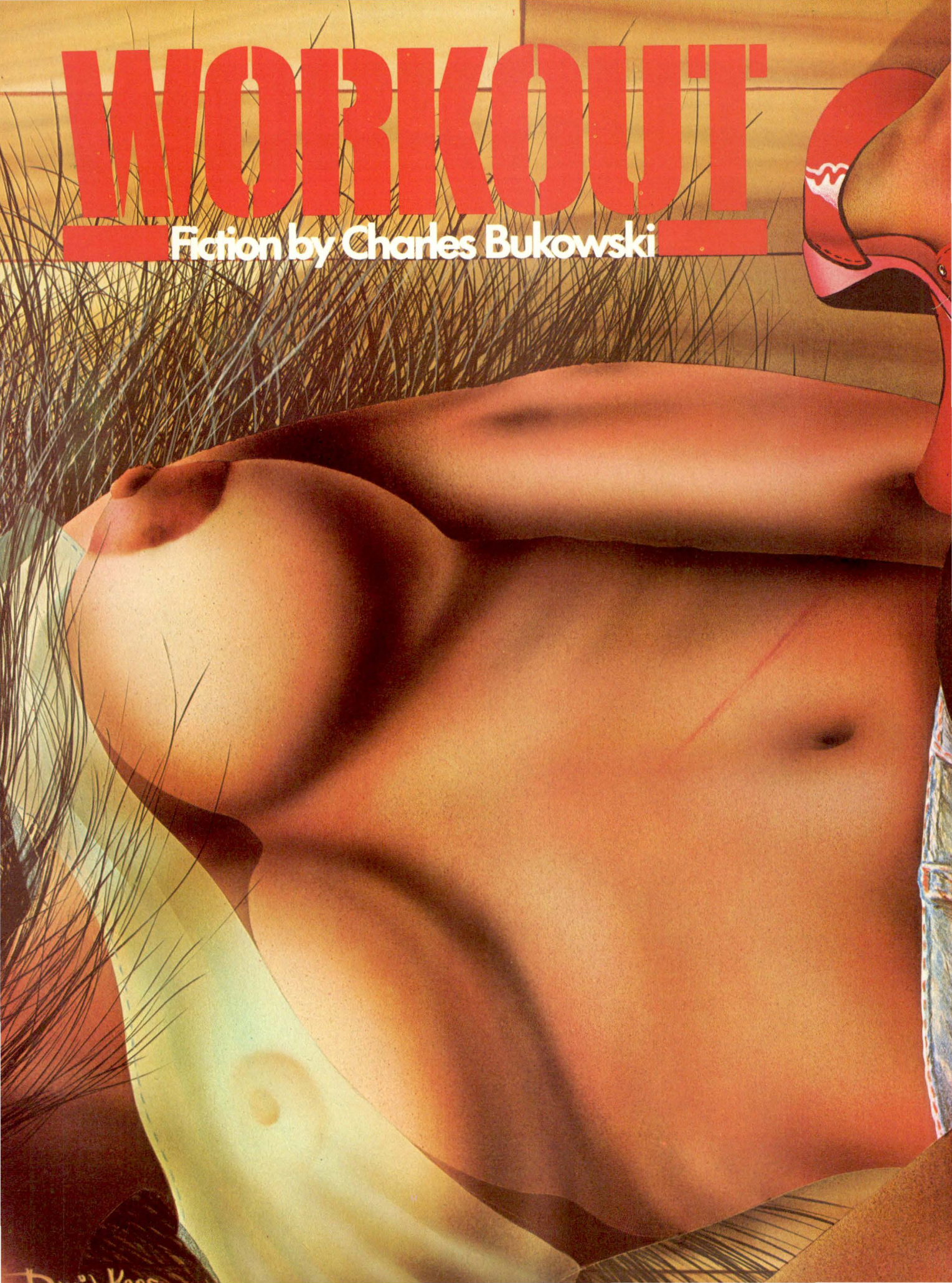
CHESTER THE MOLESTER



"Oh look, Gloria, here's a nice bunch!"

WORKOUT

Fiction by Charles Bukowski





Nina and I were basically on the rift. She was 32 years younger than I, and there were other inconsistencies, but we saw each other two or three times a week. We had very little physical contact—an occasional bit of kissing and a far less occasional fallback into sex—so it was a pleasant rift, much less cruel than most. Nina was a pillhead and I was an alcoholic, but I took her pills and she drank my booze; we were not prejudiced that way.

Nina was 24, small, but with a near perfect body and long hair that was the purest of reds. She had gone the route: borne a child at 16, then had two abortions, a marriage, a slight run at prostitution. Barmaid jobs, shackjobs, benefactors, unemployment insurance and food stamps had held her together. But she had a great deal left: that body, humor, madness and cruelty. And she walked around and sat around and fucked around under that long red hair. All that long red hair. Nina was a rifleshot into the brain of the psyche; she could kill any man she wanted to. She had almost killed me. But so had some others.

The first time I met Karyn was when I drove to her place with Nina. They were friends, and Karyn had some pills. Nina had three or four doctors who wrote her prescriptions, but she consumed her pills quickly. Karyn had a \$350-a-month apartment in Los Angeles. Nina pressed the intercom button and announced us; something buzzed and the door opened. We took the elevator to the sixth floor. Karyn let us in. She was 22, smaller than Nina, who was quite small—in height, that is—(both girls were big where they were supposed to be big and small where they were supposed to be small). It seemed as if they had been sculpted directly by a hand that wanted to drive men mad. They both looked like children who had suddenly become women, yet who had remained children somehow. It was a dirty trick against men, and a dirty trick of nature too, because for each one that nature had molded in that fashion, 5,000 others were created ugly or deformed or awkward or bent or blind or with curvature of the spine or hands too big or no breasts and so on and so forth. It wasn't fair, but when you looked at them you didn't think of fairness, you thought of sex and love, and laughing with them and fighting with them and eating in cafes with them and walking along sidewalks with them at high noon or at 3 A.M. or at anytime.

Karyn had long black hair, blue eyes that almost looked kind and lips that made you think of kissing, kissing and almost nothing else. Just to kiss would seem to be enough, but of course it wouldn't be. If she had a fault it seemed to be that her snub nose was too short and rounded, just as Nina's nose seemed to be too sharp and too long. Yet, with each of them, the eyes finally settled on the nose and stayed there. One's body became excited as if within all that beauty the flaw was the glory—as if without the flaw the beauty would not be so beautiful.

So there I was at the age of 56 sitting in West L. A. at 3:45 P.M. with two of the most handsome women in all of America—or anywhere else for that matter. And with two of the most ridiculously hard women in the world—they were caught in their own forms and how others responded to those forms, and it was difficult for them to remain human with everything going on that way. Yet they both had the inner glow and gamble; they had not entirely succumbed to appearance. It was confusing and deathly and wonderful.

Not much happened that first time. Nina got up the \$20 for the pills—uppers—and it was a definite overcharge, but then I really got up the \$20; it came out of my wallet, so it wasn't an overcharge—for Nina. She got the pills,

only mild “mind modifiers,” and we each took one. Karyn had her TV on—50-inch, cable, color. They talked about things. Modeling mostly. Karyn had a \$50-an-hour gig. She brought out some of the milder photos. They were OK. We looked them over. I chose my favorite, waved it around in the air, kissed it, returned it. Then Nina spoke of her modeling experience. Most of it was all right. But how she hated split-beaver—Christ, how she hated it. She didn't have a cunt like most of them—her cunt was really cute. Christ, some of them looked like they had hair-covered wallets hanging out of their asses. God-awful. Nina's cunt was OK. I nodded: yes, yes. Only one day, Nina went on, her mother had gotten into her purse and found these *photos*, and the photos were really all right but her mother didn't understand. It had something to do with the era—that mother just didn't know. Mother had really objected to one—Nina naked, hair thrown back, wild and red, head looking at the ceiling, arms spread and she was pissing on the floor. Quite sexy really; really really sexy. Mother howled. Nina was forced to hit her. It was terrible. But the old lady had no right to be prowling in her purse. Right?

Then Karyn walked out and came back with a mass of blouses and more or less asked, do these fit you, darling? And Nina stood up and tried them on. She stood up and tried them on, and she didn't have a brassiere on. And Karyn and I sat there and watched her try them on, now and then showing us those milky white breasts of a 200-pound pregnant woman, seemingly welded to the body of a child. *Jesus*. She stood in front of the mirror buttoning and unbuttoning. “Which one do you like, Hank?”

“Oh,” I said, “all of them.”

“No, really, Hank, which one?”

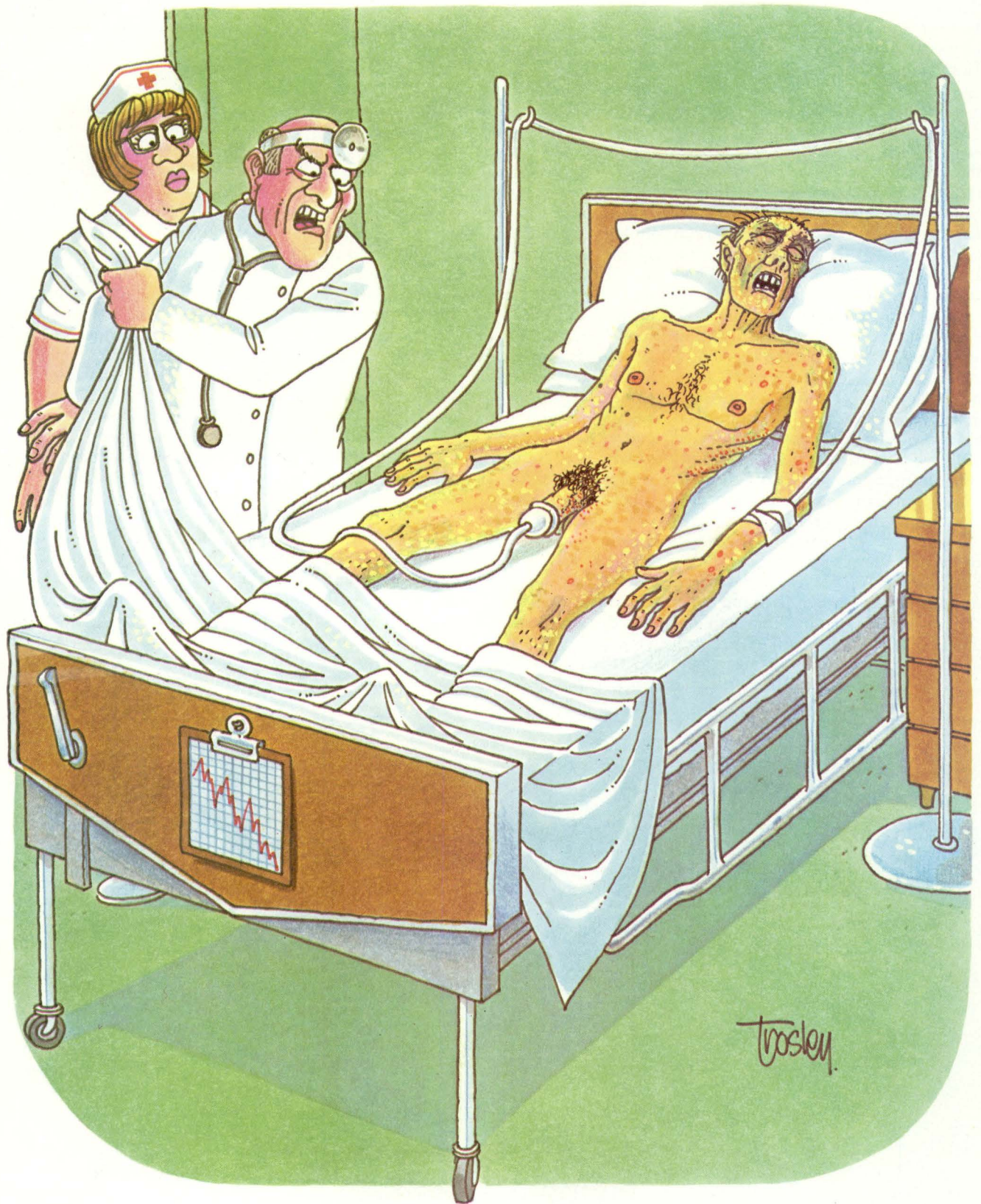
“I think I like the purple best,” I said, “the purple—the one with little strings that dangle, those leather strings.”

Anyway, she took eight or ten blouses and we left. . . .

I don't remember the days or the weeks. The rift between Nina and me was getting bigger, and I was glad. It always feels good to know that you can live without a person that you thought you could never live without. But I had found other girlfriends, none as beautiful, but each, basically, kinder. My new girlfriends were both self-sustaining businesswomen, and some of the hardness of the business world had rubbed off on them, but is was not as bad as the hardness that can be dealt off upon a



“It's for you, dear.”



"Get that practical-joking intern in here right now!"

woman with an overcompelling beauty. So then Nina phoned again.

"Hello," I said.

And she said, "Hank, I want you to drive me to Karyn's."

And I said, "Sure, be right there. . ."

It happened quickly. As we got into the door of Karyn's apartment, Nina screamed, "Oh, no, you bitch!"

She had been standing in front of me in the hallway leading from the door to the inner apartment when she turned and ran toward me. I heard Karyn scream, "Grab her, Hank!" Being drunk and on uppers, I reacted. I grabbed Nina. It felt good. She fought against me; it was nearly sexual. It *was* sexual. She had on tight blue jeans and a thin blouse, worn, shredded, a see-through. I held her and we struggled. Then Karyn, who was 15 pounds lighter and one inch or more shorter, ran up and grabbed Nina by those pounds and pounds of roaring red, red hair, strangling strands of everything, ripping moss and sadness, and rampant sunrise and yowling red hair, rich and long—Karyn grabbed it all in her hands and yanked Nina away from me and down onto the floor.

Karyn fell on top of Nina, still pulling at her hair. Then they rolled and Nina was momentarily on top. She had her fingers on Karyn's throat but the grip was not strong, or it was misplaced,

awry. Then Karyn, yanking at the hair, spun Nina underneath again and got her arms pinned with each of her knees. Then she pulled Nina's head up by the hair with one hand and started slapping her rapidly across her face, saying, "Bitch, bitch, rotten bitch! Whore! Cunt! Redheaded shit! Bitch, bitch, bitch!" Then she dropped both of her legs back and grabbed Nina behind the head and put her mouth upon Nina's, kissing her savagely, moving her mouth around and around Nina's. Then she pulled her mouth away and kissed again, pulled her mouth away and kissed again. I hardened and watched. It was the most magical and powerful thing I had ever seen. They were both such beautiful women—not a touch of lesbianism in either of them. Nina pushed against Karyn but couldn't hold her off. Nina's face was wet with tears and she was sobbing. Karyn kept kissing and cursing Nina. Then she let off the kissing and pulled Nina's hair again with one hand and slapped her with the other, quite hard, again and again. Then she grabbed Nina's head with both hands and kissed her cruelly and relentlessly. They were on the kitchen floor and the light was bright and Karyn's long black hair mixed with Nina's longer and fuller red hair, as they kissed. They were both in tight blue jeans, and their bodies rolled and strug-

gled against each other as they fought. And there was Karyn's snub nose dug under Nina's large and fascinating nose, as they fought and kissed. I rubbed myself and groaned.

Then Karyn leaped up and pulled Nina up by the hair. Nina screamed. Karyn began ripping Nina's blouse off. The breasts came through. She slapped Nina again, three or four more times, brutally. Nina seemed dizzied and could hardly fight back. Karyn grabbed her upright, both hands on the cheeks of Nina's tight blue jean ass. Then she kissed her again. Their heads rocked back and forth as they staggered about the kitchen. Then Karyn let go and began slapping Nina viciously, harder than ever, with both hands. Nina rocked back against the sink, her red hair flying, all sprayed out. The electric light shone against her hair as it flew and bounced. Her hair seemed redder than ever, longer, fuller, more glorious. Then Karyn grabbed her and kissed her again, bending her over the sink, the mirror showing both of them.

Karyn stepped back, undid her own blouse, took it off, and there were her breasts, punching out, flesh flouncing. Then she slid down her blue jeans, taking them off over her high-heeled shoes. She was pantyless. Her ass was just as miraculous as the rest of her. Then she slapped Nina again with a hard right. She undid Nina's belt, unzipped her blue jeans and slid them down.

She tore off the remainder of Nina's blouse, then slipped her panties down and off. Nina seemed dazed. They were both in their high-heeled shoes, looking at each other. I don't know who had the best body—Nina perhaps. The breasts were larger and there was more haunch where there was supposed to be haunch, and the hips went in a bit more. Both had very white skin. The contrast was Nina's red long hair and Karyn's long black hair. I unzipped and began rubbing my cock out in the open.

Suddenly Karyn grabbed Nina by the hair and dragged her toward the bedroom. It must have hurt, but Nina seemed to have lost the ability to fight. She screamed and was pulled backwards by her mass and mesh of red hair. I followed them. Karyn was pulling her with one hand. When she got Nina into the bedroom she put both of her hands into Nina's hair and yanked her backward, violently. Nina was thrown to the floor. She landed flat on her back on the rug near the bed. Karyn leaped upon her, body upon body, writhing; she grabbed Nina's head with both hands and kissed her harder still, smashing

(continued on page 103)



"Are you sure you haven't seen it? It would be wrapped in a plain brown wrapper and possibly labeled 'Enlarger.'"

MARIA



The Toast of Atlanta


Photographed by Clive McLean



Maria knows how to prepare a champagne breakfast that can last all day. "It burns at first, but afterwards it feels good," says the 22-year-old meteorology student.

This native Georgian is into all-day affairs, especially with the kind of man who enjoys spontaneous sex and delights in bringing her to one orgasm after another. "I think that because God made woman second, He lets her have lots of orgasms to make up for it. And I like a man who can make me come all day," she



A woman with red lipstick is lying down, her head tilted back, eyes closed. In the foreground, a large, ornate silver urn sits on a white lace tablecloth. Next to it is a glass of champagne. The background is dark and out of focus.

says. "But some guys expect me to do all the work, and once they've had their own orgasm, they don't think it's fair for me to want to have more than one orgasm."

When Maria can't find a man with enough endurance to satisfy her, she resorts to her second-string lover—her vibrator. Like sparkling champagne bubbles, the tingle of a vibrator is something else she could enjoy all day long. "You burn off 100 calories every time you come," she tells us, adding, "I don't think I'm in any danger of losing my figure."









HUSTLER ON TRIAL

(continued from page 42)

offended by it. It would be a hazardous undertaking for anyone to start separating the permissible speech from the impermissible using the standard of offensiveness. The freedom guaranteed in the First Amendment is indivisible. You can't take it away from Larry Flynt and keep it for yourself. The real issue of this case is: Are we afraid to be free?"

Referring back to Cartolano's statement, Fahringer asks: "How can you have the right to read what you want to if you can't have the right to buy it?" Then, returning to the censorship issue, Fahringer says, "Eighty-five percent of all the literature condemned in the Soviet Union is condemned on obscenity statutes.

"Watch out about building walls of decency. Watch out that someday you don't find the walls have grown up all around you." By the time Fahringer finishes his statement, Larry is in tears. Once again Flynt mystifies me. Is this the hard-nosed prick I work with? Or is it a show for the jury?

Cambria comes wading in with a reverse play. Now it's his turn to tick off to the jurors what they can expect to hear when Leis finally makes the prosecution's closing argument.

His voice heavy with irony, arrogant, almost on the verge of laughter, Cambria tells the jury how they can expect Leis to wave a copy of HUSTLER in the air and bellow with dramatic indignation. "Oh, yes," says Cambria, "we can tell you how the prosecutor will throw those magazines on the floor with an attitude of disgust and we can tell you how he will then stomp on them to further make his point."

As Cambria speaks, I notice Leis's neck turn red. With each revelation, the color gets brighter. Leis's fierce blue eyes radiate hate, which encourages Cambria even more.

Cambria had nailed Leis and he knew it. Or thought he knew it. Nobody expected the prosecutor to be very good at ad-libbing his now tattered summation. But then nobody quite expected Morrissey to choose this moment to recess the trial for the day.

The decision had been prompted, at least in part, by Leis, who suddenly felt that the jurors needed a rest, even though there was still ample time left in the day to conclude the summation.

Morrissey's agreement allowed Leis an entire evening to prepare a new summation, which, we can assume, is exactly what he did.

* * *

The next day, Leis tells the jury, "Sex is a beautiful thing—there's no question about it—in the proper environment. But these people have taken the beautiful thing of sex and reduced it to the level of an animal. They made love—they made sex—obscene."

Leis then paints a picture of two lovers running toward each other

Leis: "These people have taken the beautiful thing of sex and reduced it to the level of an animal."

through an open field, finally locking in a loving embrace. It is meant to be an example of "real" love. I know what he means. I've seen the same commercial.

Leis has a surprise in store for me, too. In attempting to establish that HUSTLER has no redeeming literary value, Leis begins to quote from an article in the January 1976 HUSTLER that I had written. The article had been commissioned by Larry long before I ever came on board as an editor. At that time I was still doing a weekly column in *Screw*, which, in part, regularly reviewed various men's magazines, including HUSTLER. When I had reviewed the first issue of HUSTLER, I'd said that "It has just nudged out *Refrigerator Monthly* as the most boring publication in the United States." And it was with this awareness of my attitude toward HUSTLER that Larry—always unpredictable—asked me to do an honest review of the top men's magazines for him. The word that Larry had stressed was *honest*—I was assured that nothing I said, including swipes at HUSTLER, would be censored. Now, Leis is using these words against Flynt.

"Even the defense agrees that HUSTLER lacks serious literary value. Listen to what they say in their own words: [This is the actual review. My recollection is that Leis read it in its entirety.] 'HUSTLER started off on the wrong clubfoot, but has recently moved off into more interesting and exciting directions. HUSTLER is undoubtedly the hottest of the slick magazines, with the most candid full-color photos available. It's also the most irreverent and iconoclastic magazine of its genre,

although occasionally the barbs and broadsides are a bit off-target. Unfortunately, because of its geographical location, editorial content is depressingly weak. Still, because of Larry Flynt's aggressive, ballsy, devil-may-care attitude and his unique commitment to this publication, HUSTLER is the magazine to watch. Already, features like the nude Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis photographs and the young teen photo spreads have set HUSTLER apart from less courageous and imaginative competitors. Strengths: honesty, originality and a fearless editorial stance. Weaknesses: lacks sophisticated writing and needs greater editorial control.'"

Finally, Leis says, "It's time to draw the line against obscenity!" as he dramatically bends over and chalks a line across the courtroom floor. With that the seven men and five women retire to begin what will turn out to be four days of deliberation.

* * *

Once the case goes to the jury, I am no longer ignored by the HUSTLER contingent. My period of anonymity is over and with the exception of Fahringer, who continues to look at me as if I were a swine flu virus, I am now included in the daily exchange of information. Even Cambria evinces a willingness to talk to me.

"That was pretty brutal," I toss out for effect. "Do you think they got that stuff on Fahringer from my article on *Screw*?"

I am beginning to feel that I am on the wrong side. The prosecution had quoted from my columns in *Screw* to help get a conviction in Wichita. Now, they had quoted my material in HUSTLER to help get a conviction here. Maybe they would put me on retainer.

Cambria has his hands stuck deep in the pockets of his dark, seersucker suit. Peering over at me through his horn-rimmed glasses he says, "They must have gotten it directly from Wichita. We've known all along that Leis was in contact with Schauf [the Wichita prosecutor] almost daily."

That surprises me. Somehow it has never occurred to me that the antismut forces form a loose fraternity, but it certainly makes sense. "Then why were you caught off guard?"

"Well, we checked with Wichita," Cambria grimaces, "to find out if the transcripts of the trial had been requested by Leis. We were told they hadn't been, so we didn't worry about it."

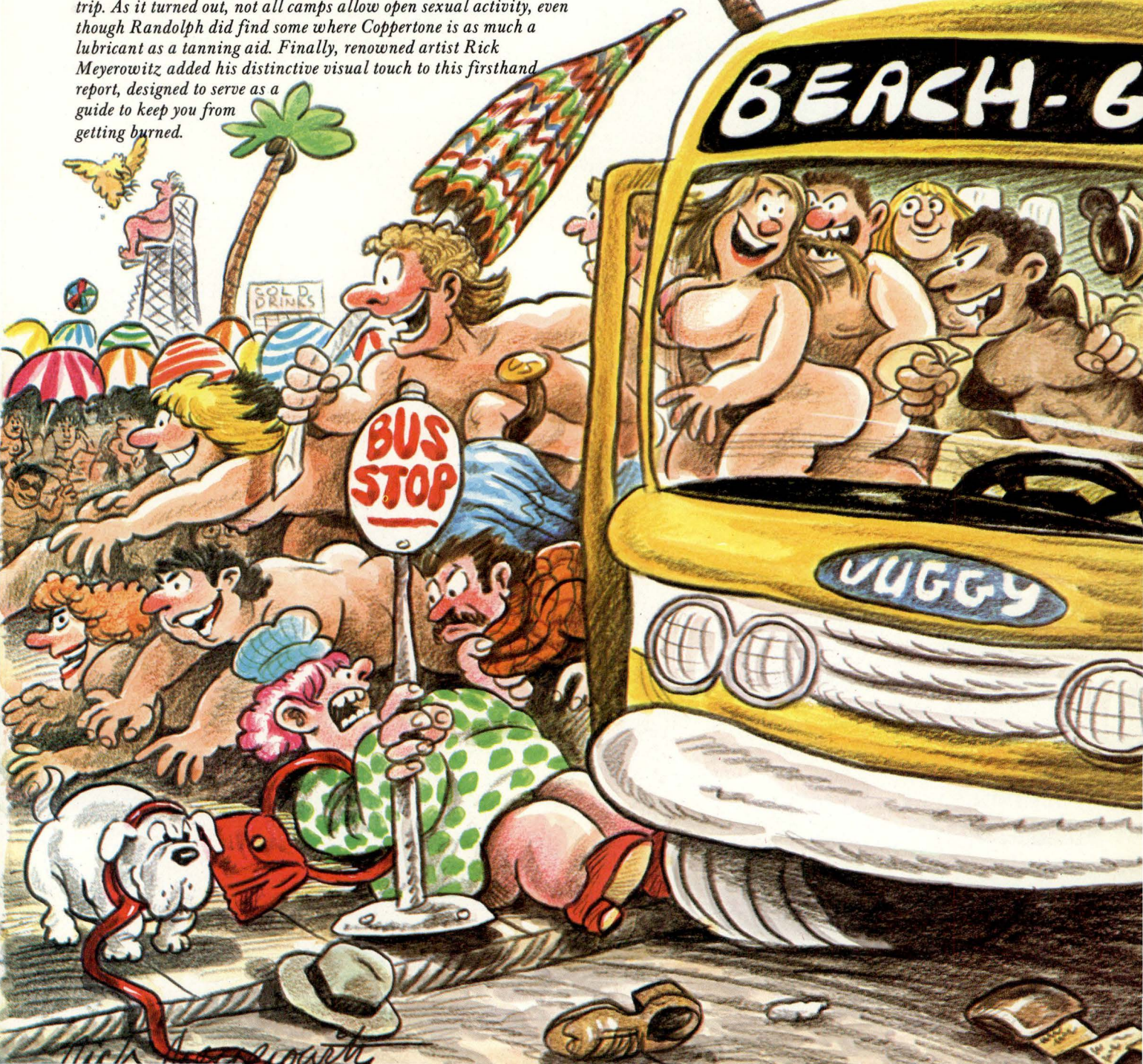
"Oh, they can do that? Obtain transcripts?" I know they can obtain

(continued on page 102)

THE NAKED TRUTH

Article by Michael Randolph
Illustrated by Rick Meyerowitz

Airing out your white Pillsbury doughboy crotch at a nudist camp is one thing, but how easy is it to poke that pale peter into a tan honey after the volleyball game? To investigate, we flew winter-skinned Michael Randolph to seven nudist camps on an all-expense-paid trip. As it turned out, not all camps allow open sexual activity, even though Randolph did find some where Coppertone is as much a lubricant as a tanning aid. Finally, renowned artist Rick Meyerowitz added his distinctive visual touch to this firsthand report, designed to serve as a guide to keep you from getting burned.





SUNSHINE PARK

Sunshine Park, located in Mays Landing, New Jersey, a 20-minute ride from Atlantic City, is one of a number of ASA (American Sunbathing Association) camps, a string of conservative nudist resorts where any form of behavior not acceptable on the outside is likewise forbidden in the camps. Sunshine is America's oldest nudist camp, and also among the most staid—a place for sun-worshipping Lawrence Welk fans. On an average summer weekend, Sunshine Park has about 300 guests. Singles, couples and families come from all over New Jersey and nearby states to stay in the park's trailers and cabins at a cost of from \$15 a day. Some nudists live in their own trailers year-round at the camp.

One of the prime attractions of Sunshine Park is the nearby river, where nudists go for mudpacks. The slimy river is supposed to feel great oozing around your cock or pussy.

SEMINOLE HEALTH CLUB

The Seminole Health Club near Fort Lauderdale, Florida, guarantees a climate conducive to nudism, and for \$15 a day you can get a private room with a double bed, fresh linens and maid service. If you want to, you can stain the sheets to your heart's content and not even have to clean up after yourself.

That may sound like a good idea—until you find out what's available in the way of sex partners.

Flabby thighs, cellulite-ridden butts and prominent pot-guts, naked or not, are in abundance at this camp. However, this also holds true for all the camps reviewed, which is ironic since the nudist creed promotes health

and physical fitness. A majority of nudists neither exercise regularly nor eat health foods.

Of the seven nudist camps reviewed, the grounds at Seminole are by far the loveliest. A large private lake allows for an added attraction—a sight-seeing boat ride that owners Jan and Chuck Youngman make available to members.



SANDSTONE III

Sandstone III, also called Sound Horizons, is a hotbed of hedonism located close to Los Angeles in the Topanga Canyon, a lush wooded area in the Santa Monica mountains. Currently the camp is leased and operated by a group planning either to purchase the place (the present owner wants to sell), negotiate a new lease (should someone else buy it), or set up somewhere else.

For now, the leasing group operates out of a spacious modern building on the 14-acre grounds. (There is a pool, but it's located in another building.)

Upon entering the main facility you may see a nude couple embracing on a couch in the living room area. Nearby is a "playroom" with dim lights, mirrored walls and mattresses covering almost every square inch of floor space.

There's also a "ballroom" devoted to group gropes, and couples shouldn't go in unless they want to be approached by others.

It will cost you 300 greenbacks—a one-time fee—to join, after which you pay a monthly fee of \$25 (\$12.50 if you live more than 150 miles away). As prospective members you're allowed to visit four times at a cost of \$20 a couple per visit, which includes overnight accommodations in a dormitory. If you're bashful and require privacy, you can get a private room but it will cost more money. Singles can visit for \$6, but the catch is that they can't stay overnight. Most of the 70 or so members are couples. Singles may join, but Sandstone strives to maintain a balance between the number of men and women who go stag.

Sandstone runs seminars and workshops on massage, sensuality, bisexuality and sensory exploration. The workshops are all "sensuality oriented." Ostensibly, the emphasis at Sandstone is on therapy: heightening one's awareness and straightening out one's personal relationships. Simplified, it seems to mean that you can fuck your brains out with numerous partners in the interest of improving your marriage. Hardly a new theory, especially in southern California.

Perhaps each new visitor to Sandstone should first be indoctrinated in the theory and jargon of the human awareness movement, in addition to becoming well versed in the psychological rationale for all the open sex about to be encountered. Otherwise, going cold turkey into Sandstone can be a shock.





MOUNTAIN AIR RANCH

Most of the membership at Mountain Air Ranch, located in Littleton, Colorado, is young—about 200 of the 300 members are under the age of 30. So, there are a lot of singles at the ranch, though the owners try to maintain a balance between the number of single men and women. The ranch provides plenty of planned activities, many of them available for those who might prefer to wear clothes.

At the ranch, rooms can be rented for \$5 a night plus \$5 daily grounds fee. However, the camp layout is poor and you have to take a long hike to get from the guest house to the community kitchen. The recreation hall and pool are located even farther up the road. But beware: Mountain weather is unpredictable. You *can* get a tan in Colorado if the sun is shining and there's snow on the ground, but who wants to walk around in the snow with no clothes on?

Mountain Air Ranch is a good place to spend a summer weekend if you're in the Denver area, though it isn't worth a special trip just to try it out. Despite its high number of young, single members, the atmosphere is as conservative as the Columbus YMCA.

FRATERNITY SNOQUALMIE

Located near Seattle, Washington, Fraternity Snoqualmie is nestled in the thick green vegetation of the Cascade mountains, with Mount Rainier looming in the distance.

Fraternity Snoqualmie has overnight accommodations, but lacks heat in the winter. In contrast to the picturesque surroundings, the camp itself seems rather unimpressive.

With a membership of 250, it is the largest nudist camp in the Pacific Northwest, though only a half-dozen couples live there year-round. Snoqualmie attracts most of its members from the older, conservative set of the Pacific Northwest, including Canada. Although most of the local inhabitants are lumberjacks for Weyerhaeuser, few of them visit the camp. Because of the predominately cold weather, Fraternity Snoqualmie residents stay in their trailers most of the time.

There are 11 nudist resorts in Oregon and Washington, even though August and September are the only consistently warm months there (lending credence to the argument that people become nudists for reasons other than to lie naked in the sun).

NAKED CITY

Unlike most camps, Naked City, near the town of Roselawn, Indiana, has an air of light-hearted sexuality, something that first hits you when you approach the main gate, which is shaped like a woman's upraised leg.

Upon entering, you may notice a sleek black Cadillac limousine parked near Naked City's main building—a large, round, futuristic structure with plate glass windows. Maybe two women dressed in black skimpy chauffeur uniforms will leap to help Naked City's owner, Dick Drost, out of the car. Drost is confined to a wheelchair, though he never allows this to impair either his imagination or sexual appetite.

In spite of Drost's condition, he has become a wealthy entrepreneur with diversified assets. He grew up in a poor Chicago family and was probably the only youngster in the neighborhood who wanted to own a nudist camp when he grew up. He contracted muscular dystrophy in adulthood, but that didn't stop him from transforming Zoro Nature Park into Naked City.

At one time, Naked City was an ASA member, but the camp pissed off the association by dropping out. Subse-

ASA MEMBERSHIP

Annual membership at an ASA camp runs about \$100 per adult. Most clubs will let you visit two or three times before you must join. (A membership committee reviews a prospective member's character and inquires about his motives for wanting to become a nudist.) After joining a par-

ticular camp, you can join the ASA for an additional \$5, allowing you to visit any member camp. Single men should try to come as part of a couple if possible, since some camps limit the number of single men. Daily grounds fees and overnight accommodations are inexpensive, but the best way to survive in a nudist resort is to bring your

own well-stocked trailer.

For detailed information on ASA camps, write to: The American Sunbathing Association, 810 N. Mills Ave., Orlando, FL 32803, and send \$3.25 for its "Nudist Park Guide." And remember: Nudist camps aren't just for summer fun; some are open year round. Check them out!

quently, according to Drost, the ASA claimed it had kicked the camp out because it didn't represent nudism properly. They also issued a proclamation through the ASA newsletter suggesting that Naked City be investigated and closed down by the Indiana police. The ASA made allegations charging prostitution and use of narcotics at Naked City. Drost said he may sue the ASA for libel.

Naked City is not only America's best-known camp, but the best-known truck stop as well. Since it is located three miles from the intersection of Interstate 65 and Indiana 10, truckers have been stopping there since 1968 to be served lunch by the naked waitresses and to relax their aching bones in the whirlpool before movin' on. The food isn't terrific, but the ambiance is something else. Raucous noise from the jukebox ricochets off walls that are papered with centerfolds. Naked women (other than the waitresses) appear at the door occasionally to scream about some trucker's rig blocking their cars. Two years ago there were allegations that a trucker tried to sexually assault a nudist's 17-year-old daughter.

This is one of the few camps that lets clothed people enter and participate in activities. However, the clothed and unclothed usually square off like "shirts" and "skins" in an impromptu basketball game.

Though Naked City attracts a fair number of singles, couples are the rule (encompassing all ages and a wide variety of economic and ethnic backgrounds). Since nearly half of the people at Naked City swing, your chances of getting laid depend on your charm. And if you score, you can rent a private trailer at a reasonable price.

SUNNY REST

Sunny Rest, a non-ASA camp in Palmerton, Pennsylvania, attracts a lot of swingers. People at Sunny Rest don't care what you do for a living, they're more interested in what your fantasies are. In an attempt to accommodate those looking for a little "strange," Sunny Rest provides a discotheque—complete with flashing lights and a BYOB bar. A pianist-singer also provides enough noise to cover any lewd advances should you try to hit on someone.

Wally Rogers, owner of the camp, believes that couples flock there to live out their fantasies. Many females want to be made love to by two men at a time, while many husbands need to know that their wives are desirable to other men. At Sunny Rest, claims Wally, these dreams and desires become reality. Instead of destroying their marriages by cheating on each other, couples solidify their relationships through swinging. Wally lives at the camp part of the year with his girlfriend, son and mother.

Swing parties take place only in the cabins and trailers. Everything is done behind closed doors, and the parties are very, very private. Participation is by invitation only, and if you make it with one member of the party, you can count on making it with everyone else as well.

Sunny Rest's population is made up mostly of young, friendly, good-looking couples. Seventeen dollars a day covers dormitory-style lodging, grounds fees, dinner and breakfast. Accommodations in private trailers and cabins will run a little higher.

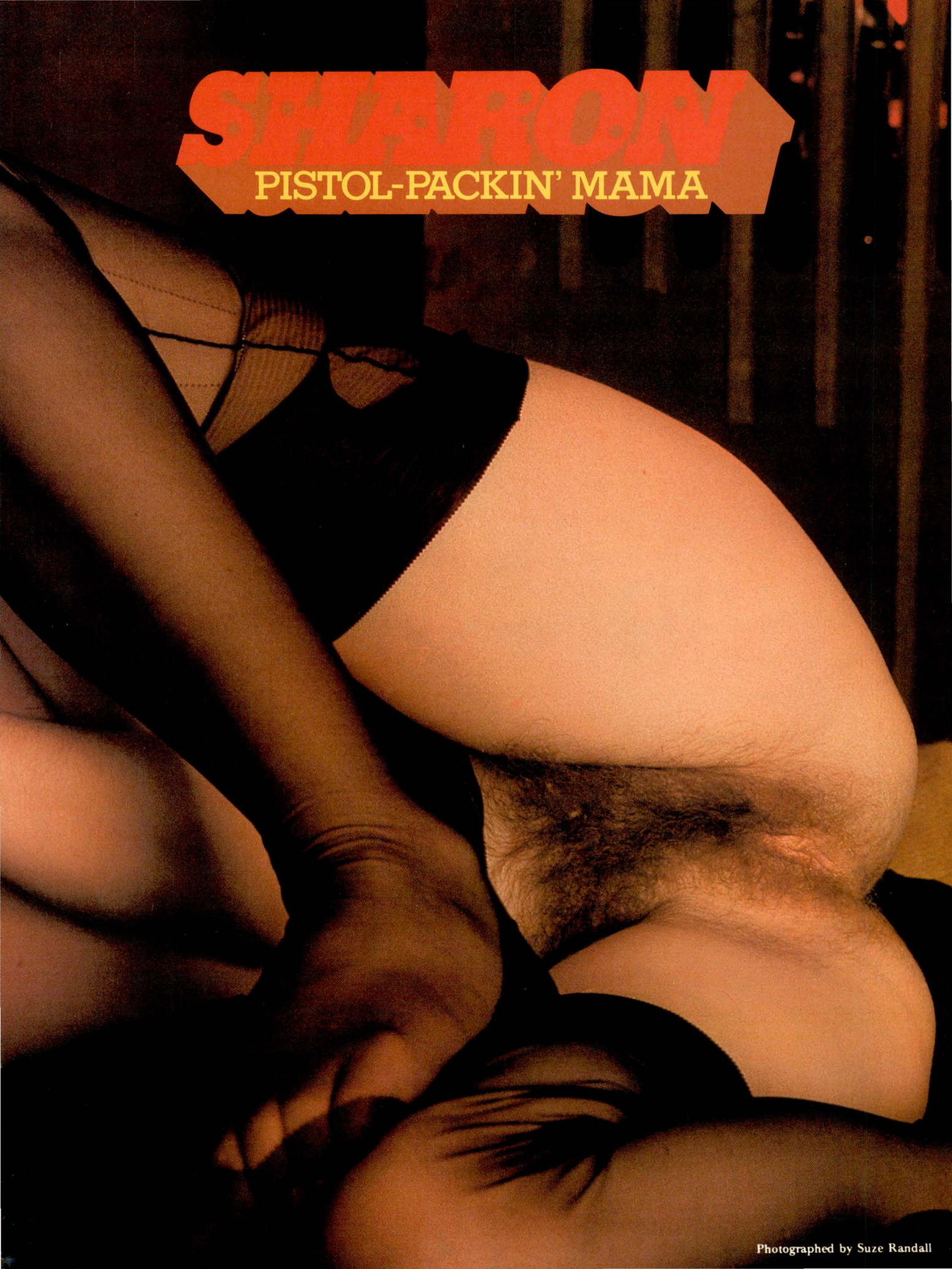
If you want to swing while you bronze your body, try Sunny Rest. 🍷





SHARON

PISTOL-PACKIN' MAMA





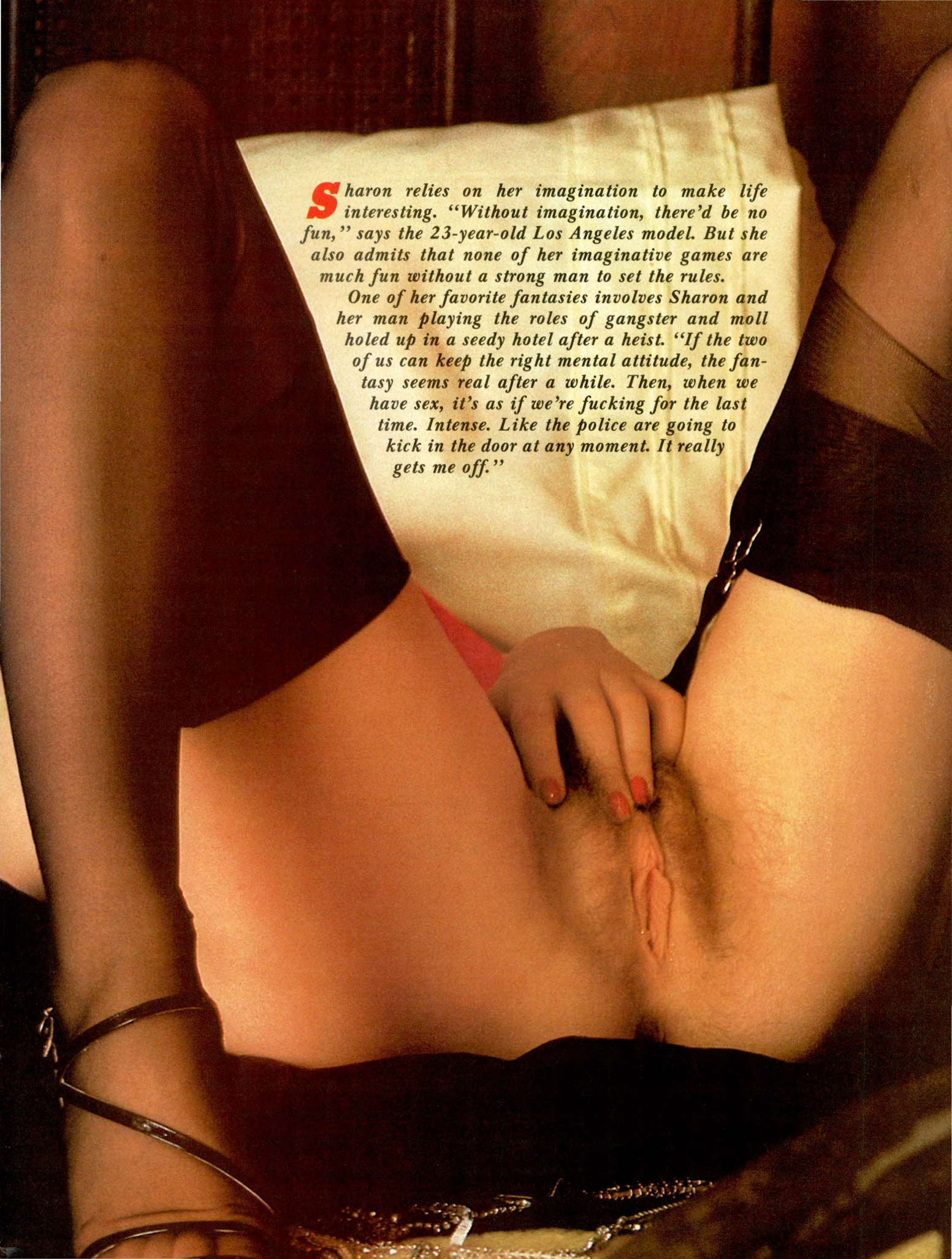
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Sharon relies on her imagination to make life interesting. "Without imagination, there'd be no fun," says the 23-year-old Los Angeles model. But she also admits that none of her imaginative games are much fun without a strong man to set the rules.

One of her favorite fantasies involves Sharon and her man playing the roles of gangster and moll holed up in a seedy hotel after a heist. "If the two of us can keep the right mental attitude, the fantasy seems real after a while. Then, when we have sex, it's as if we're fucking for the last time. Intense. Like the police are going to kick in the door at any moment. It really gets me off."



Sharon says she rarely comes across men tough enough to handle her or imaginative enough to keep abreast of her fantasies. But when she does, he had better be packing a hot load and a vivid imagination or this moll will be down the fire escape before he can say "John Dillinger."



HUSTLER ON TRIAL

(continued from page 90)

transcripts, but the best way to get information from Cambria is to ask a stupid, nebulous question.

"Sure. We did that to them. We obtained transcripts of cases Leis had prosecuted. That's how we knew about Leis's tactics."

"I guess Schauf was glad to help Leis. He must be out for your hide after the way he blew the *Screw* case."

Although Assistant U. S. Attorney Larry Schauf had gotten a conviction, it was overturned by the judge when Fahringer objected to certain improper remarks made by Schauf in final summation. Now in Cincinnati, word had just come down that, despite hope to the contrary, *Screw* would soon be retried in the same jurisdiction. When the HUSTLER trial would end, Fahringer and Cambria would immediately gear up for their return to Kansas, a fact both of them regretted for a number of reasons, not the least of which had to do with me. I had put both Herald and Paul on the spot by publishing their congratulatory letters on my *Screw* article in HUSTLER *Feedback*. Considering the kind of trash I write, that's no small matter.

Now, Cambria can't help noticing that the article itself has produced additional problems. "It could be worse," Paul sighs. "At least you didn't reveal that it was actually me who gave Schauf's wife the nickname 'Bunhead.'"

I look back and shrug. "Would I do something like that?"

* * *

Now there was nothing to do but wait. And speculate. Which of the jurors were on our side? Which ones against? Could we count on them? Did they understand the charges? We had obtained a *Playboy* subscription list for the Hamilton County area and knew that two of the jurors were subscribers, although one had lied to the prosecution about this. During the judge's instruction to the jury, Fahringer had bitterly complained to Morrissey about his failure to spell out that they could split the charge—that a guilty verdict on obscenity did not necessitate a conviction on organized crime. Morrissey had refused to elaborate on the charge, stating it was "obvious." But to whom?

The jury had begun deliberation on a Thursday afternoon. By Friday, rumors and leaks led us to believe there was a

hung jury. But we couldn't prove it. Despite repeated requests, Morrissey had refused to reveal the nature of the frequent communication between him and the jurors. All of us worried about the pressure Morrissey might be applying. If, in fact, there was a hung jury, the judge might be holding them as virtual prisoners in an attempt to force them to a decision.

Communications between the judge and jury would increase dramatically the following Monday. Although we still had no way of knowing what was being said, we could keep a record of the buzzer that sounded whenever the jury

According
to Judge
Morrissey:
"The jurors
are having
a ball."

wanted to contact Morrissey. Again the defense requested to know the nature of the communications.

This time Morrissey gets cute: "The record shows that the jury buzzed for coffee breaks and for lunch."

Fahringer shoots back: "The record shows there are a number of buzzings not accounted for by that." He further expresses concern that the jurors might feel obligated to bring in a guilty verdict just to allow them to return to their families.

Morrissey's answer is nothing less than ludicrous: "The jurors are having a ball. I don't think the hours will exhaust the jury."

Fahringer counters: "I don't think it's a pleasant experience."

The judge looks down at Fahringer through his glasses: "But all during the trial you've been telling us how pleasant HUSTLER magazine is."

Incredible!

* * *

When word came back on Tuesday afternoon that the jurors had reached a verdict, Leis unleashed his final surprise, announcing to the court a new indictment against Larry. A grand jury had found the war mailing harmful to juveniles, and Leis had waited until now to make the decision known.

The effect was as Leis must have intended. Pandemonium broke loose. The defense was caught completely off guard: How could Flynt be singled out on this, when the Right-to-Lifers regularly sent out flyers showing full-color photos of aborted fetuses? And why did Leis wait until this crucial

moment to drop his bomb? It seems clear that regardless of the jury's decision, Leis intended to keep Larry tied up in court for as long as possible.

After Leis finishes his theatrics, the jurors file back into the room. In the solemn quiet of the Hamilton County courthouse, the bailiff reads the verdict: the conviction of Larry Flynt on all counts; Althea, Jimmy and Al are acquitted. I am stunned. After letting everyone else off, how can they convict Larry of the organized crime/conspiracy charge? With whom did he conspire?

In the *Screw* case, sentencing had been delayed for months. Here, Larry is handcuffed immediately and led before the judge. Fahringer pleads with Morrissey for a temperate sentence. Then Larry requests to speak in his own behalf. No one is prepared for what he says: "You haven't made an intelligent decision during the course of the trial and I don't expect one now."

Morrissey pronounces sentence. Eleven thousand dollars in fines, 7 to 25 years in prison, no bond—the maximum sentence. Moments later, Larry is hustled out of the courtroom with a gang of reporters running after him. You may have seen the photo of him taken at that moment which appeared in *Newsweek*. The photo is deceptive. It makes Flynt look like he's confused. Actually, he is being pushed ahead by the two bailiffs. At the same time he is shouting angrily: "Are we really living in a free country?" He repeats the question a couple of times, his voice echoing down the courthouse hallway even after he disappears from view.

He would spend the next six days in the county jail.

* * *

The trial is ended now and the appeal is beginning. We hope, of course, to win on appeal, but a dangerous precedent has already been set, and it may prove difficult to overcome the momentum of the Cincinnati trial. If appeals fail, Flynt could serve 25 years in jail. And for what? For publishing a magazine not at all dissimilar to *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, *Oui* and the rest, except for the unremitting note of iconoclasm and politics that are Flynt's hallmark. There shouldn't have been a conviction. How then can any of us be sure we'll win on appeal? Yet if HUSTLER loses, it will sound the death knell of the First Amendment.

It will also make a shambles of the American judicial system. Consider this: After the trial, one of the jurors had admitted that on the second day of deliberation the jury had informed the judge they were deadlocked. Morrissey had told them to "get on with it." The following Monday, the same message

(continued on page 117)

WORKOUT

(continued from page 82)

Nina's lips back, getting inside her mouth, sucking at her teeth while tonguing. Once again the black and the red hair intermixed; it was gross and beautiful beyond conception. God, or whoever had built these machines of flesh, must have meant it to be that way. I thought of cathedrals and murders and miracles. I was blessed with the sight of it.

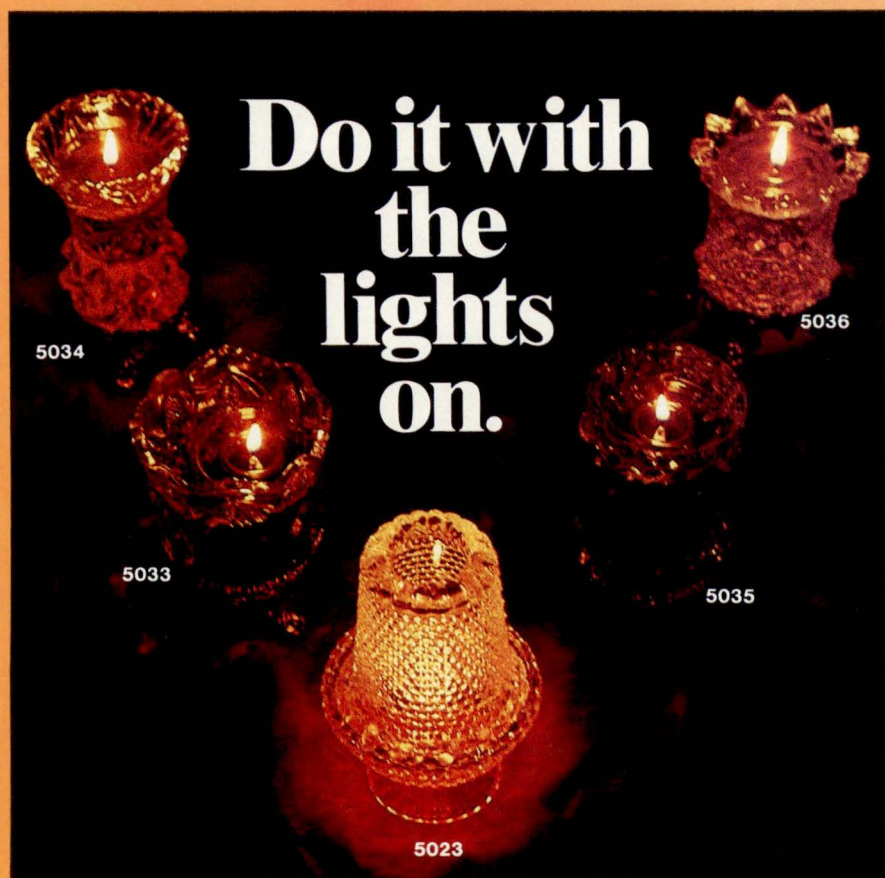
Then Karyn got off of Nina and pulled her onto the bed. I thought perhaps that Karyn would go down on Nina, but she didn't. Once again she fell full upon her and began kissing harder and harder, each kiss harder, somehow, than the preceding. Then Karyn let off, bent back, pulled Nina's head up by the hair and slapped Nina's face rapidly with her free hand, saying, "Lift your legs! LIFT YOUR LEGS, WHORE, BEFORE I KILL YOU!" Then she let Nina go. Nina's legs lifted and Karyn began kissing her again, pulling at her hair, kissing, kissing, and at the same time she rubbed her cunt against Nina's

cunt, rubbing, rubbing, black hair against red, breasts rubbing upon breasts. It was total glory and total heat. I couldn't believe it. Now and then Karyn would let off kissing and slap Nina with one hand while pulling her hair with the other, screaming things at her. Then she would kiss Nina again and gyrate her cunt against Nina's. Nina kept her legs up. I stood near them, masturbating. I only have a medium-sized cock but it seemed enormous, I think, because the unbelievability of the circumstances excited me so. Then Karyn began to moan. She was near climax. I reacted to the moans, watching the cunts grind together: Nina's legs up with her high-heeled shoes on, all that hair tangled top and bottom, all that body tangled, everything tangled. Karyn moaned, nearing closer and closer to climax. I began whimpering, playing with my cock, totally in pace with Karyn's near-climax. As Karyn began to climax, I climaxed, pointing my cock at them, somehow wanting to drop sperm upon them—their bodies, their faces—any part of them. But as I moved toward them, it spurted out and dripped on the rug. It took Karyn longer. I'm not sure if Nina climaxed,

but her body began to writhe more and more, as if in response to Karyn's. Nina's legs dropped and Karyn stayed there on top of her. I went into the bathroom, got some toilet paper and wiped up my come from the rug.

* * *

Several weeks passed. I didn't see Nina. I stayed with a businesswoman who lived in Marina Del Rey. I stayed there much of the time. She was a good soul—clean, but a bit crazed like anybody in our society—and inventive enough, hardly dull, and basically pissed at men and what men had done to her—the old story. But she had a fine apartment and an excellent body; her eyes were best—defeated but still hopping—a large brown, glowing as fine as any flower, as fine as anything. I could have loved her—given enough time. Time gets in the way and eight-to-fives and yard sales and friends (of hers). I didn't have any friends. But damn all this—what I'm trying to say is that several weeks passed and then Nina phoned. Nina had a way of phoning—slow withdrawn voice. It made you see her hair, her body again, her mind again, everything that pulled her together and made me feel things that



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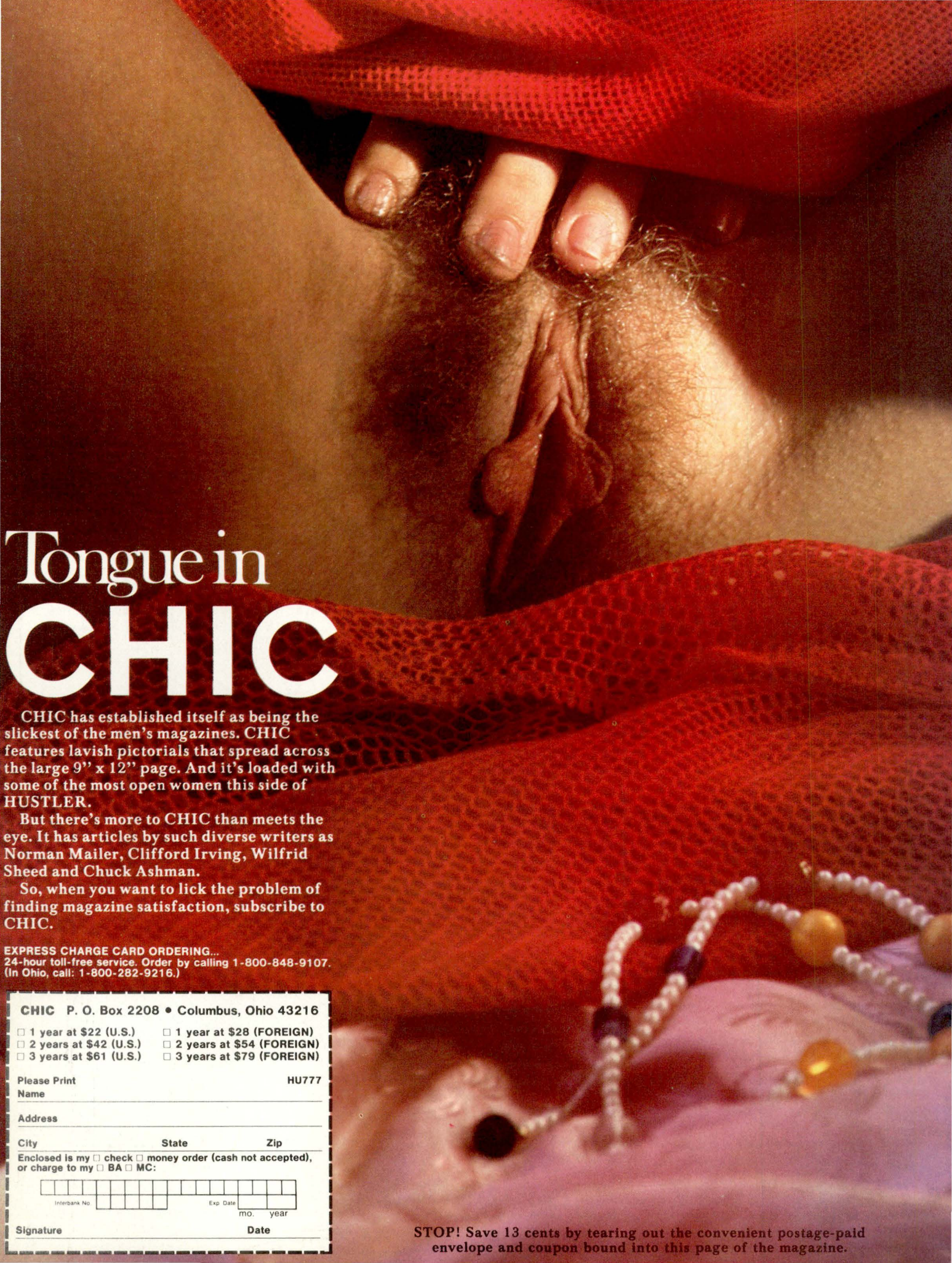
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HUSTLER JULY 105



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the mornings, at midnights—it slid in: victory and glory. Karyn smashed her across the face with a closed fist. I heard Nina moan. My cock slid further in. I didn't move it. I just let it slide and grow. Karyn had both of her hands pulling back on Nina's hair, kissing her wildly on the mouth, spreading Nina's small mouth open, sucking relentlessly at her soul. Nina's hair fell back into my face, my mouth. I began moving my cock in and out of her ass. A radio was playing somewhere, loudly. Then I heard a siren, an ambulance. It went by. Nina's hair across my face felt much rougher than it looked. I began smashing my cock into her ass. It was the moment of my lifetime, the moment of all moments. Then my cock slipped from the ass and into the cunt. I was home and I ripped. Her cunt was wet and it was ready. I was inside of Nina, slipping up and down, up and down, rudely, with prayer and yet with total wonderment. Nina was squeezed between Karyn and me. As I was about to climax I reached around and grabbed Karyn's ass and spread it wide. Then I reached over Nina's shoulder, found Karyn's face, her mouth, and I kissed her, spreading her ass wide as I pumped semen into Nina's cunt. I finished coming, let off and walked away. Karyn and Nina continued.

Karyn carried Nina into the bedroom and put her on the bed. Then she spread Nina's legs and began eating her cunt. . . .

Later, everybody got dressed. We sat in the kitchen and drank a few beers and smoked some Colombian. The pill transaction took place and I was out another \$20. Karyn showed us some more recent porn photos, and then we left. We got down to my '67 Volkswagen, I did a U-turn, got it straightened back toward the section of town where the poor good folks lived—east Hollywood. We had some Sherman's, and Nina lit one for each of us.

We drove along, and finally we were running along Fountain. I turned the radio on. Nina put her feet on the dashboard and improved each hit song. Then there was a long commercial; no, it was a series of short commercials. I tried another station, another, still another. Nothing but commercials. I turned the radio off. We passed a gas station. It was still afternoon. Then Nina started to sing:

"Redhead,
Everybody loves a redhead.
I'll tell the world that she's my
best gal.

Everybody loves a redhead.
I'll tell the world that she's my
best gal.
That's a redhead, and she's my
best gal. . . ."

We drove along Fountain to Western, then I took a right down Western, past the motels, past the taco stand and the Pioneer Takeout, past Hollywood Boulevard, then a left at Carlton. Hard parking as usual, but I backed it in and got out.

Nina sat there looking at me. "Hey," she said, "*Fuck this!* I don't want to go to *your* place! What makes you think I want to go in there?"

"Where to, then?"

"I want to go to Elbert's. Drive me to Elbert's."

* * *

Elbert was a four-foot, eleven-inch Puerto Rican with a ten-inch cock who pretended he came from Argentinean royal heritage. He had just graduated from dental school and made false teeth. His apartment was full of false teeth and his walls were covered with cheap paintings and insipid mottos and sayings. (Nina had shown me around one night while Elbert was watching the Lakers play basketball—a macho out-with-the-boys night). Elbert was very close to being subnormal but Nina told me he was "a great fuck." She also mentioned all the gold that was in some of those

false teeth.

I drove her to Elbert's and she got out of the car. She came around to my side, leaned through the window and gave me a most tiny kiss, moist, with just the right touch of tongue.

"Goodbye, pops," she said.

Then I watched her walk across the street toward Elbert's apartment, that long red hair waterfaling down her back and stopping just above that ass—those haunches that went up-down, down-up, up-down, down-up.

Nature would always be better than art. It was truly hell to be old, and I ached in what was left of my soul.

Then Nina was gone up the stairway that led to the second floor and Elbert's apartment.

I loved her. But there was nothing I could do. Yes, there was: I started the car and drove away.

At the corner of Franklin and Vermont there was a crazy old news vendor. He leaped into the street in front of my car and waved a newspaper at me. I hit the brakes, just missing him. He stood there and we looked at each other through the windshield. That news vendor: His face was impassive; he looked like Van Gogh, sunflowers, chairs, the potato eaters. He got out of the way and I drove on toward my place where I was going to get very drunk, very soon, as Elbert sent the big ten home. 🍷



"At least you could have tried to hold it
until we got back."

Sex Play

(continued from page 25)

with the surgery, thinking that it's nothing more than a little pain: just a "mosquito bite" needle insertion; a "slight tugging sensation" when the *vas* is pulled out to be snipped. Just like getting a flu shot, you think. Easy!

You feel secure and make the decision; you're going to have a vasectomy. All your previous worries have been dispelled. It won't make you impotent. Subsequent checkups will insure that the operation was successful. You've been assured that the chances of permanent side effects are extremely rare. And you think there's going to be very little pain—if any—and that, at the most, you'll be laid up for a day or two. What you don't know is you've just bought the biggest myth about vasectomy.

I decided to go to a Planned Parenthood clinic for my surgery. These places aren't limited solely to welfare cases. The work—although performed by a resident urologist from a local hospital, rather than a surgeon—is just as good as that of a private physician. And in most cases, the surgery is less expensive. Vasectomies can cost as much as \$200, or as little as a percentage of your weekly income up to about \$125. I felt more comfortable at the clinic since this was one of their main functions.

Most clinics require that you be over a certain age (usually 23), married and have at least one child. Private physicians often forego these requirements.

I was ready for my 15 or 20 minutes under the knife, a day of rest afterwards; then back into action—both sexual and otherwise.

First, a urine sample was taken (or given), then a blood sample to test for anemia and syphilis. My pulse and blood pressure were also checked. I'd shaved my scrotum and an area just above my cock—per instructions—the night before surgery.

After undressing from the waist down (leaving my black socks on for comic effect) and washing the area of attention, I lay back on the table and covered myself with a gauze cloth, to await the doctor's arrival. It was like the first day of football practice, waiting for the coach to show up.

After the doctor checked my shaving ability, he washed me thoroughly and set off the area he was about to work on by laying more large gauze cloths on my stomach and across my legs. He'd already made sure that my hands were

lying flat on my chest—a position similar to that of a corpse. This was the first disquieting moment in the operating room. I would have liked to have grasped the sides of the table, and it bothered me that I couldn't.

Doctors have a way of peering over the tops of their masks with the same serious look in their eye that your third grade teacher had when she told you about the kid who was eaten by bears because he didn't stay in line on the field trip. Intelligent people always regard that look with some anxiety.

Doctors also have a peculiar way of measuring pain—especially *your* pain. They seem to think that anything short of death—the ultimate pain—can't be that bad. And, since a doctor is the cutter rather than the cuttee, he's absolutely right when he says it won't hurt. It won't hurt *him*.

When the tube was pulled, I lifted off the table, making guttural sounds.

Before the doctor made the incision, he felt for the *vas* so he could cut as close to it as possible. Then the area was marked with forceps. "OK now, there's going to be a little pulling and squeezing so we can find what we're looking for," Doc said. This was hardly a reassuring statement from the man about to cut into my nuts. "This is probably the most unpleasant part," he continued. I wish he'd been right.

"Now you'll feel a little mosquito bite, followed by a burning sensation." No mosquito that I've ever encountered managed to inflict the feeling of a needle being sunk into a sensitive area of my body. But somehow, perhaps through a sudden and unusual bit of luck, I felt no burning sensation.

When the novocaine, or "numbing medicine" as my doctor preferred to call it, finally took effect, the incision was made on my left side. Then the *vas* was pulled out and snipped. And even though I was worried about the "slight tugging sensation" I was to feel, Doc gave me no warning before the actual "tug" was made.

When the tube was pulled, I lifted off the table and made guttural sounds, invoking Supreme Beings. Ol' Doc said, "Feel something there? Feels like somebody just kicked you there, huh?" He sounded more like Woody Hayes than

a doctor, but at least he had the feeling straight.

Shortly thereafter (though it seemed an eternity), the *vas* had been cut and Doc applied an electric needle to close off the ends of the *vas*. A charge of electricity raced along my spine and I did another lift from the table, making all the appropriate sounds.

But it was nothing compared to the jolt when I realized: *Shit, he's only half finished!*

It took longer to get to the tubes on my right side because it seems I have an excessive amount of fat there. It took so long, that by the time he tugged, I'd been through enough pain that I thought he'd already cut. Wrong, again.

After being stitched with a dissolving type of thread, and putting on a jock strap while prone on the table, I was told to go home and lie down for at least four hours with an ice pack on my nuts. He made it sound like I had a choice of some sort. I didn't.

In fact, it was pretty tough getting up at nine the next morning—nearly 15 hours after the surgery—to take a piss. Surprisingly, peeing was not that tough. Coughing, however, was another matter, as was pulling myself from a lying to a sitting or standing position. My balls turned black and blue—mostly black—by the end of the next day and remained swollen to twice their normal size for a few days after. I say "a few" because it hurt to count.

Was it worth it? Well, it allows for a fuller sex life, because without fear of either pregnancy or the side effects of female birth control methods many traditional inhibitions vanish. Sure it hurt, but it means sex anytime, anywhere.

And the decision to never sire another child was one that I had struggled with for a long time. The question was, once my mind was made up, how to achieve this goal.

The answer was as simple as a swift kick in the nuts. 🍆

To obtain additional information about vasectomy, contact any of the organizations listed below.

Planned Parenthood Federation of America
810 Seventh Avenue
New York, New York 10019

American Medical Association
535 North Dearborn Street
Chicago, Illinois 60610

Department of Health, Education and Welfare
330 Independence Avenue, S.W.
Washington, D.C. 20201

BEAVER HUNT

The Bicentennial has been over for a year now, thank God. This July we should be able to look at a beaver without having to put up with red, white and blue bedsheets, screaming eagle underwear or Liberty Bell crotchless panties with the crack strategically arranged for maximum patriotic effect. We won't miss the hoopla a bit, but there's no way we could spend a year without our favorite furry woodland critter.

So, send us a sharply focused color photo—no black and whites please—of your favorite nude model in a HUSTLER pose, along with a short personality profile. Coax her to be as candid and original as possible, and be sure to fill out the model release form, which appears

on page 119. Sorry, but all photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER magazine. Send your entry to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 40 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215.

The coveted HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's license will be awarded to everyone who sends us a photo, and if we publish your Honey's picture, you will receive a \$50 contributor's fee. If your lady is chosen as best amateur beaver by a panel of HUSTLER staffers, she may be offered a chance to appear in one of HUSTLER's pictorial spreads. If we decide to feature her in the magazine, she'll receive a \$1000-\$1500 professional modeling fee. Come on, send us a snapshot. Do it for your country.

Photo by R. L. Powers



Laurie Lewis of Kalamazoo, Michigan, enjoys camping, hiking and bodysurfing. The 21-year-old cosmetologist wants to turn her sex fantasies into realities in her own time and space.

Photo by Christie Calyn



Christie Calyn sent in this self-portrait. The 24-year-old exotic dancer from Atlanta is also into refinishing furniture. She'd like to be tied up and made love to and enjoys sex with chicks. "Why settle for 100 percent when you can get 200 percent?" she asks.

Photo by L. Huhne



Sue Schank, whose hobbies include horseback riding and sex, is a 19-year-old homemaker from Milwaukee. She tingles at the thought of making love in public places.

Thirty-year-old Kathleen is a nurse with simple tastes. Her hobby is sex. The Sunrise, Florida, beaver is waiting patiently for a chance to have two cocks at once.

Photo by Michael McCormick



Photo by Mike Wolf

Bobbie McCormick, 18, is a sales clerk and wife from Elyria, Ohio. Bobbie's favorite pastime is flirting, which may lead to her realizing her fantasy of finally screwing someone besides her husband.



Photo by Steven Oxman



Alisa C. Brewer is an 18-year-old cocktail waitress with a yen for canoeing. From Frederick, Maryland, Alisa writes that she yearns to make love in a Chinese flower garden.



Photo by Donald B. Mills, Jr.

Connie Black, 21, is a Lawton, Oklahoma, secretary who is really into fantasies. Among her favorites: lesbian scenes and having her guy watching while she gets it on with another dude.

Photo by Ralph Butler



C.B., 30, of Madison, Wisconsin, hikes when she's not working as a medical technician. She likes to pose nude in unusual places, especially if there's a chance of being seen and not knowing it.



Photo by Clarence Jolivette



Paula Johnson, a 20-year-old student from Pasadena, Texas, spends some of her spare time swimming, playing tennis and modeling. Paula's fantasies range from making love in a bathtub to a hot time on the side of a chimney.

Photo by Joel G. Fein



The secret word for Susan E. Ruel is "Central Park." The 26-year-old Brooklyn, New York, artist wants to use the park for love adventures with a cop. Otherwise, she enjoys reading, embroidery and Groucho.

Kathy Dayfall, 28, a Janesville, Wisconsin, receptionist, collects erotic clothing and enjoys "photo fun" at parties. She wants to star in an erotic film or do a nude layout with another chick.



Photo by Rick Dayfall

Photo by Terry Hunt



Roberta Raun, 23, boasts of being a mother who likes dancing, gambling and horse races. This Gary, Indiana, beaver is content with a fantasy of making her man's sex life a happy one.

Photo by Louis Favre



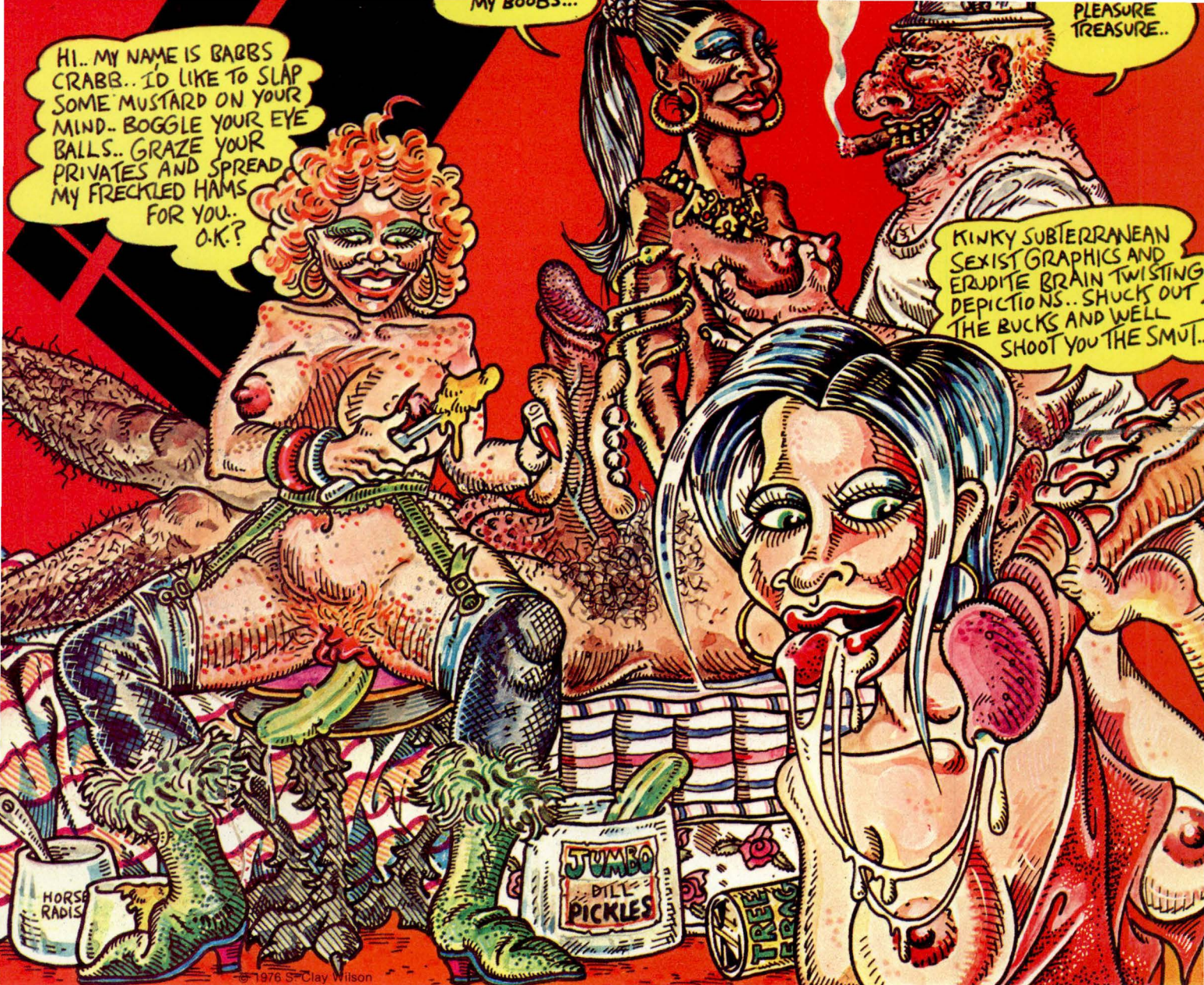
West Germany's Beaver Hunt contestant is Rita Reinke from Koeln. A 24-year-old housewife who loves music, Rita likes to be kissed between the legs and dreams of long, thick pricks.

A St. Petersburg, Florida, private secretary, Adrienne Peifer likes photography, horses and sex, but not in that order. The 26-year-old dreams of making it while riding a horse bareback.



Photo by Tom Peifer





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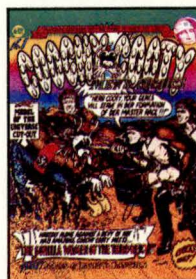
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by Rapid Robert Williams



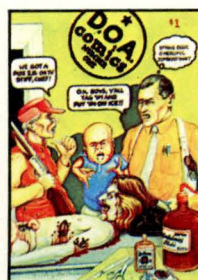
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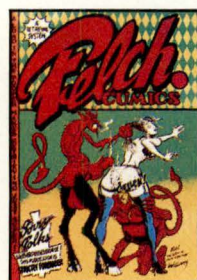
by Spain



by S. Clay Wilson



by J. Osborne



by Zap artists and friends

KINKY KORNER

I was in love with Aaron, not because his skin was black and I wanted to prove something to society, but because I loved the rugged type of man he was. Since I'd moved in with Aaron, his friends had all changed their attitudes toward him. They said that I thought I was too good for them and that Aaron could keep his "up-pity, red-haired honkie honey" to himself. He said he didn't care what they thought, but I knew that it had to hurt him.

One Wednesday I came home from shopping and found Aaron in the living room drinking with two of his old friends, Sherm and Claudette. They must have been drinking most of the afternoon because they were all weaving, and a couple of empty whiskey bottles were scattered around the floor. I laid my packages down and went in to join the company. Just as soon as I sat down, Claudette got up and said to Sherm that it was about time for them to leave. As they walked past me on their way to the front door, Claudette reached her hand inside my halter top and squeezed my left tit. She told Aaron that his "white bitch" didn't have much in the way of tits.

Aaron laughed, but I got mad and screamed, "Fuck you, you two-bit whore!" I slapped her hand away and jumped to my feet. I told her to keep her hands to herself and called her a "dirty, cheap-assed nigger whore." When I realized what I had said, it was too late. I wanted to run out of the room and get as far away as possible, but Aaron blocked the door.

He said that I ought to apologize to Claudette for saying those things. He told me to let her know how sorry I was. Aaron was serious and I knew there was no easy way out of the situation.

Then Sherm said that I should let Claudette know

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning a sexual encounter? If so, write it down and send it to HUSTLER's Kinky Korner, the section of the magazine that is written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story that we publish. Your submission should be approximately nine typed or printed pages in length and accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.



ABA DABA HONEYMOON

By Janie Young

how sorry I was by eating her black pussy.

After Sherm said that, Claudette rubbed her crotch through her tight jeans. No matter what color she was, no one could deny that she was a beautiful woman: She had long black hair and big tits. She ran her tongue over her lips and asked me if I'd eaten nigger pussy before.

I looked over to Aaron for support, but he just grinned drunkenly at her. He told her that I had never tasted black cunt, but that I was going to eat some now. He told me to strip, saying that he and Sherm wanted to get a good look at what they were going to be fucking as soon as I finished making my apologies to Claudette.

As if in a trance, I walked to the middle of the room with my back toward Aaron and Sherm. Claudette had already stripped off her clothes and lay stretched out on the plush carpeting, her head resting on a large floor pillow. I untied the two strings on my halter top and let it fall to the floor. Then I stepped out of my sandals. As I looked down at Claudette's beautiful body stretched out invitingly before me on the floor, a twinge of excitement replaced the intense hatred that I had felt only moments before. I slowly undid the side zipper of my hot pants, slipped them and my panties down to my ankles and stepped out of both.

Sherm let out a low whistle in back of me. He told Aaron that my "tight, white and outasight" ass was giving him a hard-on.

I knelt down beside Claudette and looked deep into her large, brown eyes. "I'm sorry, Claudette. I never should have said all those things," I apologized.

But she told me that wasn't good enough. As she crossed her arms behind her head and her tits jutted

out at me, she asked how I'd make it up to her.

"I'll eat your pussy," I replied.

She said that maybe she didn't want me to touch her pussy and that she didn't think I was good enough to eat it. I knew she was trying to further humiliate me in front of Aaron and Sherm. She said it wouldn't be any good for her unless she was positive that I really wanted to eat her cunt. "Are you sure you want to eat this old nigger cunt, honkie?" she asked.

I told her I was sure. Even as I said it, I knew that it was true. There was a new and strange excitement at the thought of the sex show I was about to star in. And there was an even greater excitement in the knowledge that a delicious fucking was to follow. I told her again that I really did want to eat her pussy.

"Well, show me, then," she said. And I did. Bending forward, I slipped one of my arms beneath Claudette's neck, raising her head from the pillow, and fastened my mouth tightly over her thick, lush lips. As I shot my tongue into her hot, sticky mouth, I felt her tongue meet mine and swirl around it. I ran my free hand over her side and then slipped it between us, over her erect nipples, and squeezed a full and meaty breast.

I trailed my fingers over her tight stomach and crotch until I found her juicy, throbbing clitoris. Then I told her I really was sorry and begged her to let me eat her cunt to show her just how much I meant it.

I slid my arm out from under her, inched slowly down her body and kissed her in the middle of her soggy, open cunt. She drew in a deep breath and her body tensed beneath me.

"Look at her go after that pussy!" Sherm said as he watched from the sofa. But I was paying little attention to anyone or anything except Claudette and that sweet triangle between her legs. I cupped my hands under her sleek, dark-skinned ass, lifting her cunt so I could get at it more easily. I heard Claudette moan deeply as I pasted my mouth over the lips of her cunt, sucking at it, stabbing my tongue in and out of her wet trench and flicking at her swollen clitoris. As I listened to Claudette moan, I wished that someone would satisfy the need growing in my own pussy.

As Claudette started to tangle her fingers in my hair and move her hips faster and faster, grinding her pussy hard against my sucking mouth and licking tongue, I felt warm hands touching my ass. Then I knew that my need would soon be satisfied.

I heard Sherm say he was tired of watching. He said he needed to have a

piece of my red-haired pussy. As he spoke, his hands were on the insides of my thighs, lifting me up higher, getting me ready to be fucked.

I lifted my head from Claudette's pussy for just a moment and begged Sherm to do it, to put it in. I was breathless with anticipation. I hadn't wanted to be fucked this badly for as long as I could remember. I reached back and grabbed the long, hard shaft of Sherm's cock. I guided it to my gushing pussy and felt the head spreading my cunt lips. I thrust my ass backwards, and he filled

**"Are you sure
you want to
eat this old nigger
cunt, honkie?"
she asked.**

my cunt with dark meat. Then I leaned forward and filled my mouth with pussy. I could tell from the way that Claudette was rocking her hips and moaning that she was about to come. While I licked and sucked at Claudette's swollen clit, I rotated my ass, enjoying every beautiful stab of that magnificent prick.

As I reached behind me to squeeze the huge hairy nuts that slapped the insides of my thighs with each inward thrust of that hard-driving cock, Claudette locked her legs around my head, tensed every muscle in her body and climaxed, moaning softly.

Claudette lay still, looking up at the ceiling for a few moments while she caught her breath. She said I didn't kid around. Then she released the viselike grip she had on my head and said that she'd gotten her apology. She forgave me for everything I'd ever said about her. But at the moment, I didn't care about anything except the delightful sensation coming from the ten-inch dick that filled my entire cunt.

"Faster, Sherm! Fuck me faster! My God, I gotta have that dick!" I panted. I could feel an orgasm slowly starting to build inside me, beginning where his cock was spreading open my cunt hole, and slowly radiating outward to my clitoris and asshole. I have an extremely sensitive ass.

My climax broke loose like an explosion, rocking through every nerve in my body. Just as I came, I felt Sherm's cock belch his creamy jizz into the depths of my cunt, sending new waves of pleasure tearing through me.

I lay motionless for a moment, enjoy-

ing the feel of Sherm's dick shrinking inside me. Then Aaron walked over and rolled me onto my back. He kneeled and threw my legs up over his shoulders. When he shoved his cock into me, I thought he would puncture something. I clawed at his back, bit his shoulder and clung to him like an animal. I threw my hips against him, driving him deeper into my trembling pussy.

Sherm came up beside me, guided his half-erect dick into my mouth and started pumping back and forth. I sucked each of his balls into my mouth and nibbled at the cocoa-colored head of his prick. When his cock began to twitch and throb, he pulled away and whispered something to Aaron.

Without dislodging his dick from my pussy, Aaron rolled onto his back and told me to do the fucking for a while. That was fine with me, so I put my hands on his hips and started pounding myself up and down on his rigid cock. Sherm came up behind me and spread the cheeks of my ass with one hand as he used the other to guide his slippery cock into my tight asshole. I felt the tip of his pecker press against my hole for a moment before the tight opening gave way, allowing him to slowly slide inside. It hurt a little at first, and I gritted my teeth, but the pleasure greatly outweighed the pain. As he inched his way inside, the pain gradually subsided.

Then Aaron closed his eyes, tightened his lips, groaned deeply and held his dick deep inside me while it exploded, filling me with a second load of creamy love juice. Aaron lay quietly beneath me, while Sherm continued to fuck me in the ass. Aaron never lost his hard-on and kept his cock inside my cunt, while Sherm pumped away at my ass, harder and harder.

Being fucked in the ass is a strange thrill. I remember thinking that it was the same kind of sensation I get from taking a good, much-needed shit. Finally, Sherm began quivering and thrusting as hard as he could, and I could tell that he was about to come again. He grabbed me by the hips and pulled me closer, and I reached back and kneaded his balls as his cum shot into me. His cock grew soft quickly and slid out, bringing with it a stream of cum that dripped down onto my cunt.

We continued fucking each other for the rest of the night, with Aaron, Sherm and Claudette taking turns at my white body and letting me get the most out of their dark flesh. After that night, Aaron's friends changed their attitudes toward me, and instead of getting the cold shoulder, I was getting hot, stiff joints. And that was OK with me. 🍆

HUSTLER ON TRIAL

(continued from page 102)

was sent to the judge. This time, apparently, Morrissey told the jurors, "Tell me that at the end of the week." The same juror also agreed that the organized crime charge was not valid, but apparently felt it could not be avoided if there was a conviction on the obscenity charge.

Leis and Cartolano will, no doubt, bask in their short-lived fame as Cincinnati, even now, becomes the laughingstock of the nation. In the wake of the Cincinnati decision, even those who don't like Larry have felt the need to come to his defense.

But what about Flynt himself? How much of what he says and does are we to take seriously? Frankly, I don't think I know. I've worked with the guy now for some 16 months and still can't figure him out. He's not an easy person to get close to and even on those rare occasions when you can get him to relax, you can tell that he's holding something back.

I think the guy's got a plan or maybe a series of plans, depending on which scenario works out. Flynt is one of the sharpest people I've ever met, with a mind that has a unique capacity to expand with the circumstances. At one time, he was just an uneducated, impoverished farm boy. Then he served in the army and navy before he turned 18. Later still, he became a bar owner, then the owner of a chain of bars. Now he's a publisher and an unlikely champion of the First Amendment. Since the conviction, Flynt has taken his case to the people of the nation and to Washington. He has become the first American to turn pornography into a political issue.

I don't always agree with what Larry does—and sometimes I voice bitter opposition. He can be brash, arrogant, arbitrary and crude. He is at times excessively flashy and given to unbridled grandstanding. But he is capable of immense vision as well. Flynt sheds past realities like a constantly changing mutant. He is always in the process of becoming. I would have guessed it would have been impossible for someone with Flynt's background to get where he is. I'm not going to guess where he's going.

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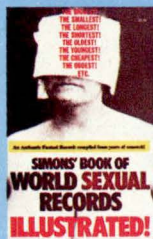
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ARAB MONEY

(continued from page 54)

Towers in New York City, the Fifth Avenue luxury building—a brainchild of Aristotle Onassis. Khashoggi's Washington spokesman said that although his boss has not publicized his part-ownership of the building, the Olympic people *have*, in hopes of promoting further condominium sales.

"They put out a story that he had bought the second floor so as to silence complaints that drips from the glass-sided swimming pool in his private apartment would spill on the people immediately downstairs. It's all nonsense, of course—that floor will serve as offices for his American headquarters. At one time, the Olympic Towers publicity people even went so far as to say that Khashoggi had bought the entire building!"

But before Khashoggi can ever take up residence in Olympic Towers he has to solve another one of those problems that tend to discourage Arab billionaires from taking root in the United States. The Securities and Exchange Commission issued a subpoena requiring him to turn over all his books and submit to

questioning in connection with various allegations regarding his business methods. The subpoena concerns sales commissions and alleged bribes paid by such firms as Raytheon, Lockheed and Northrop for a large number of arms deals in which he served as an agent. In these post-Watergate days, Washington and Saudi Arabia are sensitive to these situations. It did not help Khashoggi when Northrop said it had paid him \$450,000 to "bribe" two Saudi generals. A Senate subcommittee also investigated a \$45 million commission paid to Khashoggi in connection with the contract for 60 F-5E fighter planes. Khashoggi does not deny that he picked up enormous sums from all three firms for the services rendered. But as one Arab who was familiar with the case observed, "Adnan is in a bind. If he sets foot in the States, he risks being compelled to testify about all kinds of things that would land him in the cooler if ever he went back to Saudi Arabia. He might even find himself very dead."

The Saudi government, embarrassed and irritated by the publicity generated over the whole affair—especially when it was ventilated in Senator Church's Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations in 1975—has been sitting on some of Khashoggi's money. His story is that the famous bribe to the Saudi generals was put into an escrow account

and never delivered. He claims he warned Northrop against trying to corrupt the men, arguing that it would abort the deal. When Northrop insisted on making the payment anyway, he decided to apply his regular commission to the deal. That, at any rate, is *his* story. The SEC may need a little convincing.

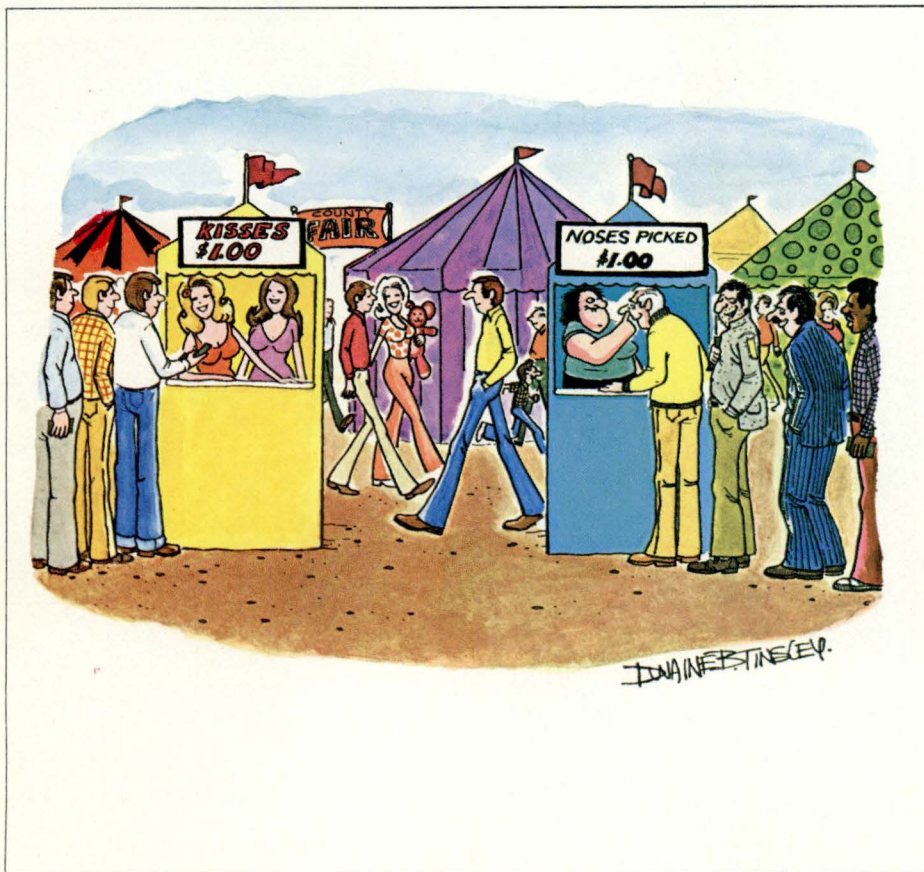
This sort of thing must be frustrating for Arab merchants who have seldom had to contend with agencies like the SEC or with Congressional investigators. And it explains why they prefer to do business in Europe, where the rules and regulations are simple or nonexistent. All that a tightwad Swiss banker is interested in is handling your money. And you can be absolutely certain he will never talk about it. The British, too, have been in the business of looking after Arab money for a while now. Even though Britain itself may be tottering on the edge of bankruptcy, the hardheaded London money managers, with their old-boy network, serve as a splendid filter through which a vast amount of Arab investment money is funneled overseas, including into the U. S.

In spite of all the drawbacks, Arab investment in America is rising quite steadily. In 1974, for example, according to official calculations, nearly \$11 billion of Middle Eastern money hit Wall Street and was soaked up. In 1975, owing to the American economic recession, the figure fell to \$6.3 billion, but in the first half of 1976 it jumped again to a startling \$10.8 billion in portfolio investments. In fact, out of the \$2.8 billion in U. S. Treasury notes issued during the first six months of 1976, it is estimated that an incredible \$2.2 billion was taken up by various underwriters for clients in the Middle East.

It seems as if the individual Arab investor is not looking for a way to buy up the West but rather is squirreling away a nest egg in the U. S. against the day when the Red revolution sweeps his homeland. The elite of the Persian Gulf and the Arabian Peninsula are not interested in the collapse of the capitalist system, since it is so closely tied to their own financial security. They see the U. S. as the last bastion of economic strength in a shaky world. Arab funds reaching the American investment market can be interpreted as a long-term insurance policy for the super rich who are instinctively guarding against the possibility of eventual exile.

Wealthy Arabs, given the choice that is at present still open to them, naturally prefer to spend most of their time in the Middle East where they are familiar and comfortable with the customs. If they

(continued on page 125)



ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 14)

have gonorrhea, you should consult a doctor. For further information, see the VD article in the December 1976 issue of HUSTLER.

I am an 18-year-old male and recently went out on a date with a beautiful girl. It was our first date, but ended with our having some very good sex together. The next day, however, she acted nervous when I tried to put my arm around her or kiss her. She said she liked me as a friend, but didn't want to get involved with just one guy. My question is: If she doesn't love me or feel strongly for me, why did she have sex with me?

D. C.
Columbus, Ohio

She probably had sex with you because she likes it, but that doesn't mean she wants to be tied to one partner. Besides, falling in love after a one-night stand can be a sign of emotional immaturity. It's also possible that the sex you had was "very good" for you, but not for her. This does not necessarily mean you're a bad lay, since there can be a number of reasons, both sexual and nonsexual, why one partner may find another unsatisfying.

Can a man be a nymphomaniac?

K. A.
Youngstown, Ohio

A nymphomaniac is a sexually insatiable woman whose abnormal horniness overshadows all other activities. The male counterpart of nymphomania is called satyromania. Both disorders have the same symptoms: a compulsive, constant search for sex partners and the inability to feel sexually satisfied, no matter how many orgasms occur. Although you may feel like you are one now and then, actual satyromaniacs and nymphomaniacs are very rare.

I am a diabetic and am concerned about how this can affect my sex life. Can you provide any information?

M. F.
Columbus, Ohio

Untreated, diabetes can inhibit ejaculation, decrease your ability to get and maintain an erection and also be responsible for a lack of sex drive. If diabetes is controlled by proper medical care, it should not affect your sex life at all.

Is it true that impotence can now be cured by a penis implant?

C. C.
Hartford, Connecticut

The penile implant you refer to is a relatively new method for the treatment of impotence. A silicone rod is surgically inserted in the penis,

giving it the rigidity needed for vaginal insertion. Unfortunately, this semierrection is permanent—you'll be as hard at the office as you are in the sack. This operation is recommended only for men who have a physical, not psychological, problem causing their impotence. See the December 1976 Advise & Consent for more information on implants.

I'm built fairly small and would like to know if there's such a thing as an extension for the penis. If there is, how would I get one?

J. G.
Miami, Florida

There are various products of this type on the market, but don't feel that you must use one simply because your penis isn't as big as you might like. You didn't indicate exactly how large yours is, but keep in mind that the size of your cock has no bearing on your sexual adequacy. (Incidentally, not all women like big cocks.) If you would like to obtain a "penis extender," you may order one of the best from Leisure Time Products, which advertises in HUSTLER. It is called the Therapeutic Aid and comes in three sizes.

I have stopped using the pill and refuse to go back to an IUD or a diaphragm. I am tired of all these birth control gadgets. Can't I just douche after intercourse and be relatively safe from pregnancy?

J. H.
Chicago, Illinois

The theory behind douching as a means of contraception is that it can flush semen from the vagina before it enters the uterus. Douching is not considered to be an effective method of birth control, but, rather, a cleansing action. If you do not want children in the future, you might consider a tubal ligation, the female sterilization operation. If you're married, maybe your husband should consider a vasectomy, the subject of this month's Sex Play. If you are not satisfied with the most common forms of birth control, you'll have to fall back on those old standards, rubbers and rhythm.

If a guy is sterile, can he come at all? If he can, is it a different color than normal?

R. C.
Ann Arbor, Michigan

A man can ejaculate even if he is sterile; his semen is the same color as that of a fertile male. A sterile male has no sperm cells in his semen, but since sperm are microscopic, their presence cannot be detected by the naked eye.

I have this problem. I am 26 years old and fading fast sexually. My sperm production is at a minimum. I'm at the point where I can only have two decent orgasms in a week, provided that I only try to come twice. This condition has hit me in the last year and a half and is distressing me no end. No more

spontaneous sex for this guy. I have to schedule everything three to four days apart. What has gone wrong? At this rate, I'll be lucky if I can come once a month by the time I reach 30.

H. B.
Concord, New Hampshire

Sperm count (which you wouldn't know anyway) has nothing to do with the amount of semen produced. Orgasm has nothing to do with sperm or semen manufacture. The amount of semen a man ejaculates varies. You can have an orgasm without ejaculation if the semen discharges into the bladder (retrograde ejaculation) instead of the

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 109). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunters Contest, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

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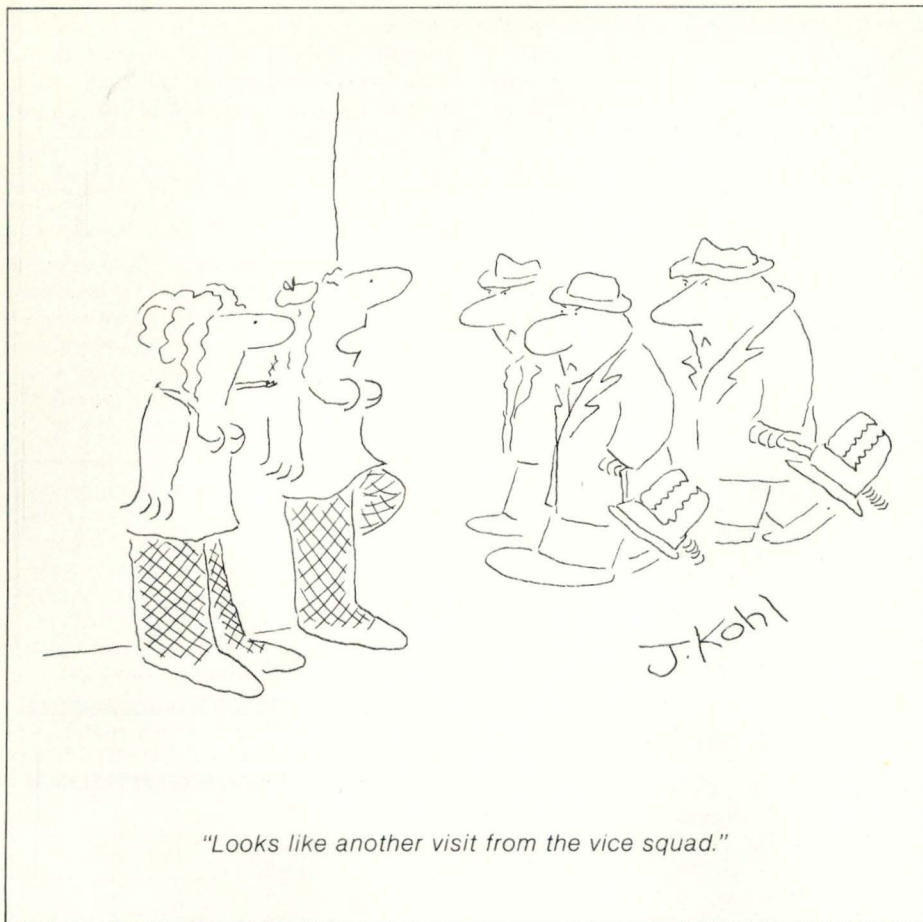
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MINOR: The person photographed is a minor. My signature grants my permission for the minor to be photographed and the photographs may be used as stated above.

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"Looks like another visit from the vice squad."

urethra. Some tranquilizers can inhibit ejaculation, as can diabetes. These problems could be corrected by a doctor, and he could clear up your confusion regarding sexual activity and biology.

My husband is a great lover and does anything I ask of him in bed—except one thing. He won't fuck me during my period, and it really bothers me because I find I'm very horny during that time of the month. He says menstrual flow is unsanitary. Do you agree?

B. R.
Detroit, Michigan

Your husband's belief stems from myths that have circulated for centuries. It may be a bit messy, but it is not unsanitary. The menstrual flow is made up of blood, fluids, mucus and fragments from the walls of the uterus and dried skin cells from the vagina, all of which are harmless. But if he won't take our word for it, maybe you can coax him into using a condom.

I am a normal, healthy woman with a good sex life. Sometimes, however, I find intercourse painful. Could you give me any explanation?

J. O.
New York, New York

Painful intercourse is known as dyspareunia, and you would be wise to consult your

gynecologist. It is sometimes caused by a short vaginal canal, which allows the penis to strike the cervix, a condition that can be corrected by surgery. Dyspareunia can also be brought on by an injury to the vagina during childbirth, a cyst, lack of lubrication or infections such as yeast or trichomoniasis, which can be treated with medication. In some women, dyspareunia may occur for psychological reasons, such as frigidity or a previous unhappy sexual experience.

I have been thinking about experimenting with ointments that numb the feeling in your penis so you can make love longer. Could you tell me if these kinds of ointments are safe and reliable and, if so, where they can be obtained?

T. W.
Newark, New Jersey

If these ointments pose any danger to your health it's because most are not hypoallergenic and could aggravate allergies or even cause infections in you or your partner. Before using an ointment for sex, you should test it by applying some to your skin (on your forearm, for example). These ointments are basically local anesthetics intended to decrease sensitivity for up to 20 or 30 minutes in the areas to which they're applied. However, keep in mind that your sexual enjoyment is likely to decrease in proportion to your loss of sensitivity, which is sometimes total. If a desensitized penis comes in contact with a clitoris, the woman may also be desensitized. There is a variety of these

products available through various mail-order companies. Similar anesthetic ointments (such as Nupercainal) are sold without prescription at most drugstores, but are not specifically recommended by their manufacturers for sexual use.

I have a problem: premature ejaculation. I've heard of the squeeze technique developed by Masters and Johnson. Could you explain it to me?

R. C.
Albert Lea, Minnesota

As opposed to using desensitizers to overcome premature ejaculation, the squeeze technique is a natural method of delaying orgasm. It consists of nothing more than you or your partner grasping your erect penis (where the shaft meets the head) with the thumb and first two fingers, squeezing hard for a few seconds when you feel the urge to come. The pressure will cause you to lose your urge to ejaculate, but you may also lose 10 to 30 percent of your erection. The procedure is repeated several times. Keep in mind, though, that this technique is just one phase of a therapy program. A variation of this technique involves having your partner sit atop you, and at the crucial moment, reach down and grasp your penis at the base.

I know there is protein in semen, but what else is in it?

L. F.
Scarsdale, New York

A small percentage of semen is made up of spermatozoa—the cells that fertilize the female egg. The remaining fluid consists of sugars, proteins, enzymes and fatty acids.

My problem is this: I have a very beautiful wife who has a pussy big enough to drive a truck into. She has given birth to three lovely children and has done everything to get her pussy back into shape, but all the exercise in the world hasn't helped. Is there any other way to help tighten up her vagina?

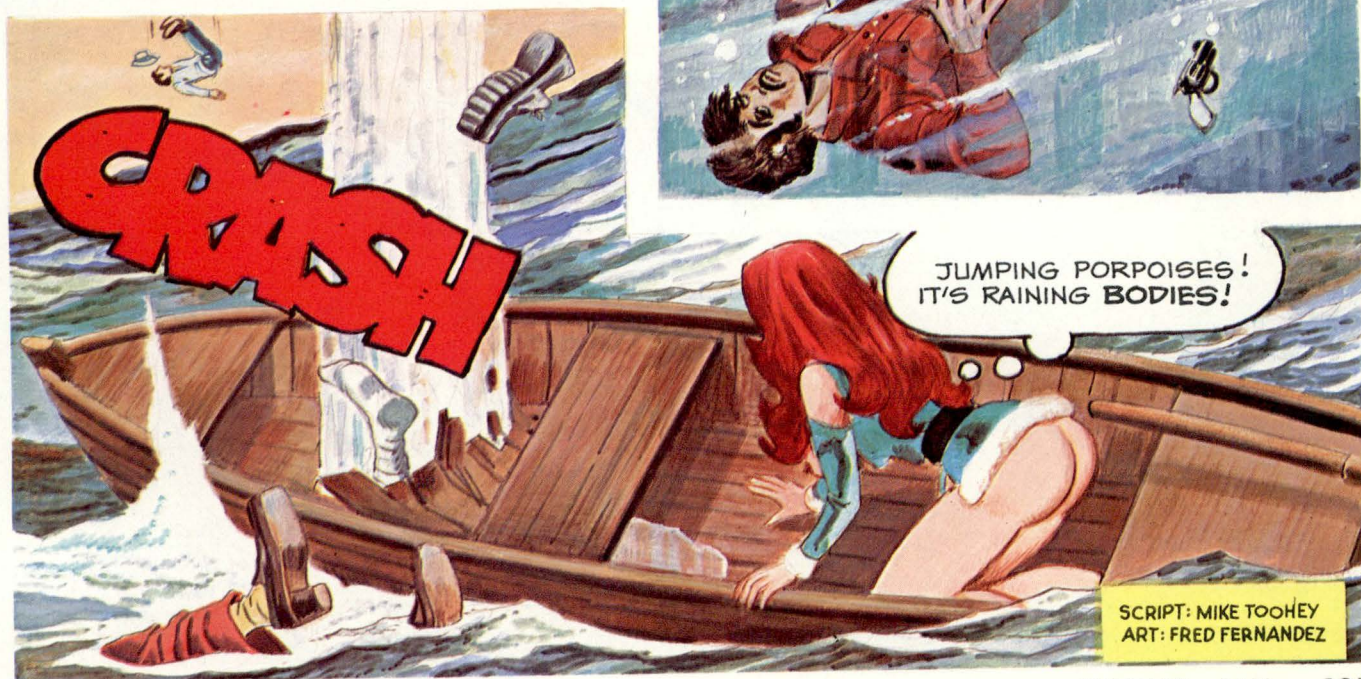
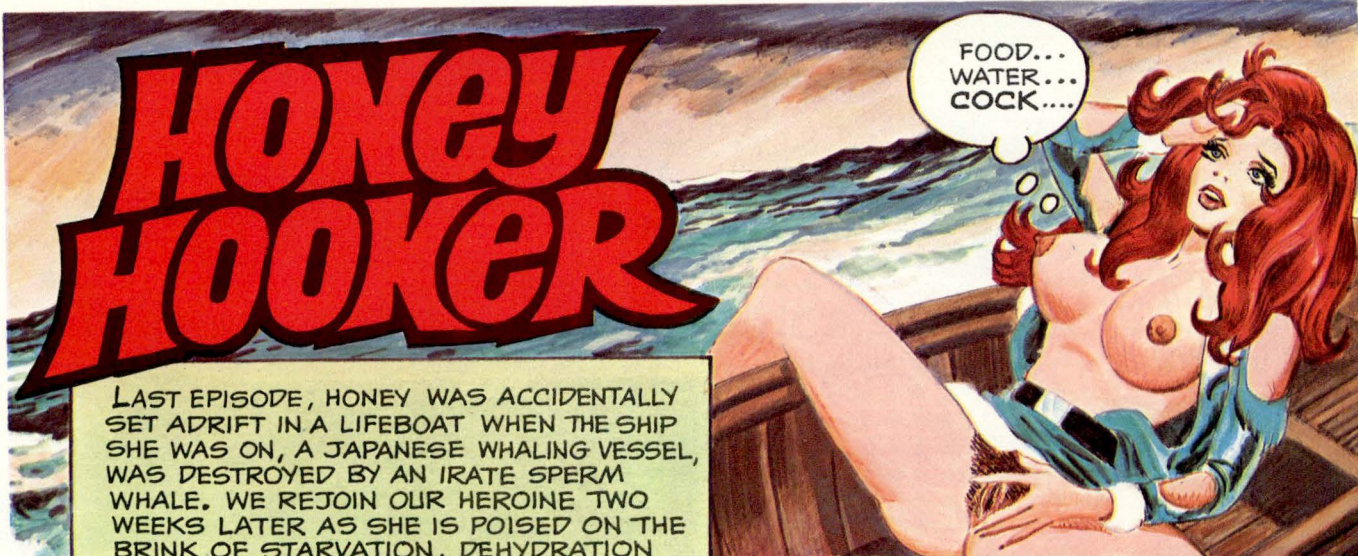
S. R.
Winchester, Virginia

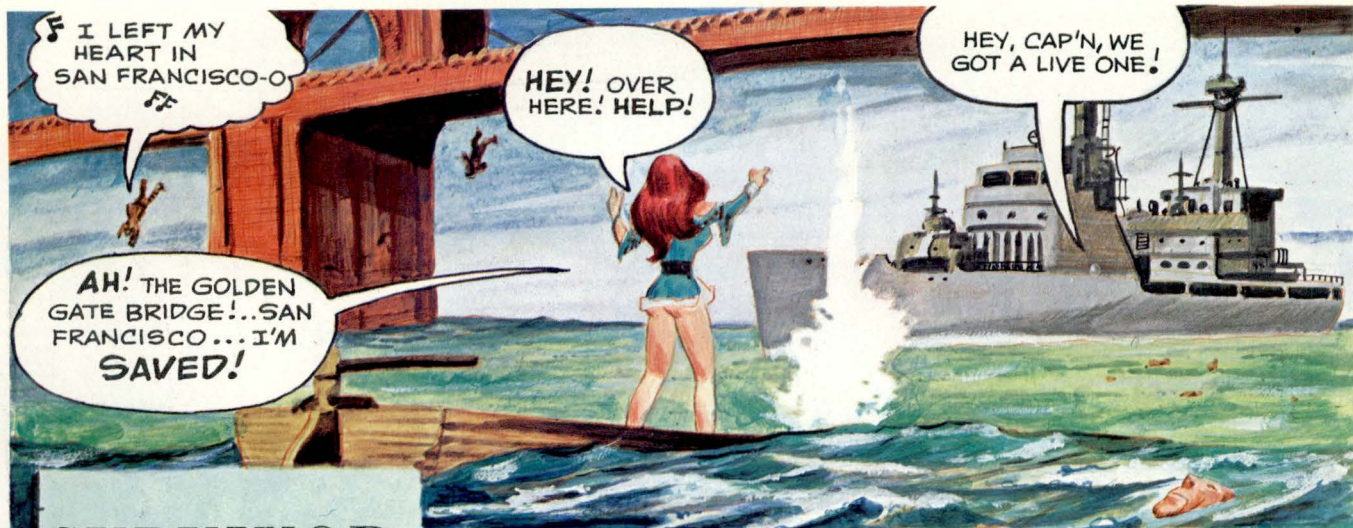
There is a surgical procedure which might be of help. It is basically plastic surgery that entails pleating the skin around the vaginal opening (much the same as a tailor takes a tuck in a garment) to make it smaller and, therefore, tighter.

Can you tell me what the function of the Cowper's glands are?

C. C.
Waterloo, Iowa

The normal, mature male has two Cowper's glands, located just below the prostate. Each is about the size of a pea. When you're sexually stimulated, the Cowper's glands secrete a lubricating fluid which helps ease the flow of sperm.





SURVIVOR FOUND.....

A lone survivor of last week's sea tragedy, the mysterious disappearance of the Japanese fishing vessel Herro Dorry, has been found alive. Honey Hooker, 22, the ship's "Recreational Director," drifted in San Francisco harbor Friday after two weeks at sea in a lifeboat. Upon being admitted to St. Maria Goretti Hospital for observation, Miss Hooker was heard to comment, "I'm hornier'n a hoot owl."



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ENJOYING THE STATUS OF A NINE-DAY WONDER, HONEY IS NOW IN DEMAND BY WRITERS SEEKING INTERVIEWS...

YOU SAY YOU'RE A PROTESTANT, MISS HOOKER?

THAT'S PROSTITUTE!



... BY PRODUCERS OFFERING BIT PARTS...

DO YOU HAVE ANY ACTING EXPERIENCE?

I ONCE FAKED AN ORGASM FOR WALLY COX!



... AND BY AGENTS PROMOTING BOOK CONTRACTS....

... AND YOU'LL WIND UP WITH 10% OF THE GROSS!

MY FIRST PIMP GAVE ME A BETTER DEAL!



BUT HER BIG BREAK COMES IN THE FORM OF AN OFFER TO APPEAR ON JOHNNY CARTOON'S YESTERDAY SHOW!

THE YESTERDAY SHOW? SOUNDS GREAT! MONDAY? SURE, I'LL BE THERE!



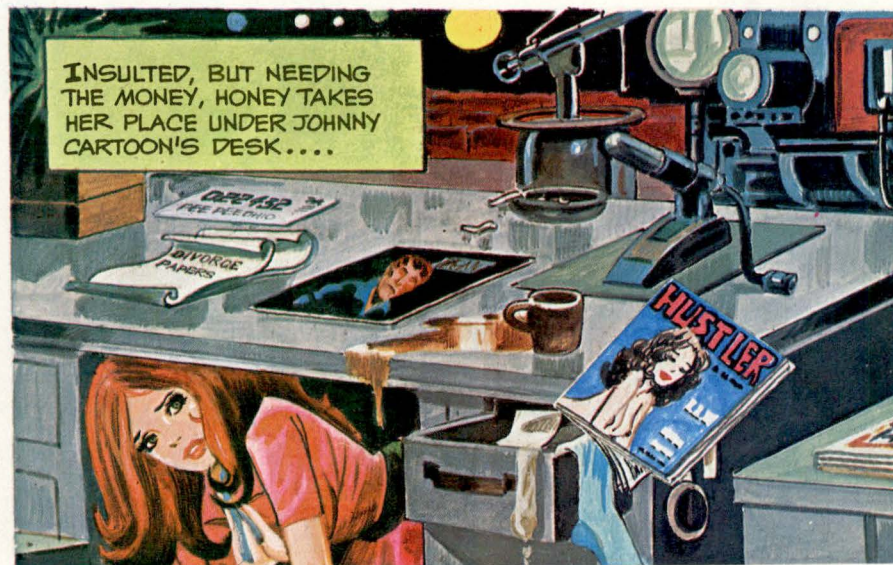
BUT ONCE HONEY MAKES HER WAY TO HOLLYWOOD, SHE FINDS OUT THAT JOHNNY CARTOON HAS OTHER THINGS IN MIND!

I HOPE ALL MY FRIENDS SEE ME! I PROMISE NOT TO SAY "FUCK" AND TO KEEP MY KNEES TOGETHER! I JUST CAN'T GET OVER IT....

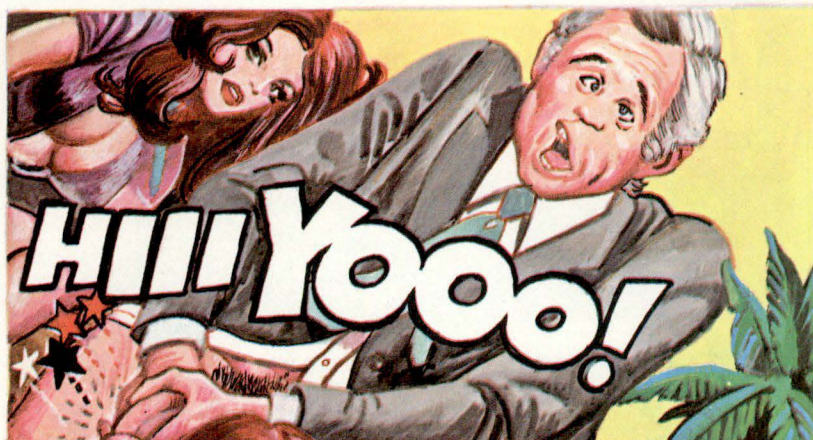
MITH HOOKER, I'M AFRAID YOU MITHUNDERSTOOD....



... JOHNNY DOESN'T WANT YOU ON THE SHOW! HE WANTS YOU UNDER HIS DESK! YOU SEE, HE GETS VERY BORED TALKING TO ALL THOSE AUTHORS AND MOVIE STARS, AND HE NEEDS SOMETHING TO KEEP HIM SMILING....



INSULTED, BUT NEEDING THE MONEY, HONEY TAKES HER PLACE UNDER JOHNNY CARTOON'S DESK....



ARAB MONEY

(continued from page 118)

spend much time outside their native countries, they prefer Europe to America for the simple reason that it is close—only a couple of hours by supersonic Concorde jet from the Gulf to London and Paris. Lately they have bought up so much property in London's fashionable Mayfair, Knightsbridge and Belgravia areas that resentment is growing in Britain—even as sharp-talking Englishmen cash in by catering to the Arabs' whims.

Despite Great Britain's socialized medicine, providing posh hospital care for wealthy Arabs is London's latest growth industry. One brand-new luxury hospital provides its Arab patients not only Arabian food, but also closed-circuit Arab television. One of Britain's leading surgeons says the facilities are some of the finest in London today, superior to anything that is available to mere Britons. And the operations most of these super rich go in for have to do with recovering their virility. "They are plump pigeons for endocrinologists—the glands men," the surgeon said.

However, Arabs are spending a lot in the U. S. on the things they can't get anywhere else. King Khalid of Saudi Arabia, for instance, is having a \$60 million private aircraft built for him by Boeing in Seattle. It will be the largest private plane ever—a 747 jumbo jet specially equipped with an ornate throne room and audience chamber, offices for the royal chamberlains and councillors, along with an opulent dining room and sleeping quarters for his majesty. The normally 400-seat plane will carry only Khalid and a modest retinue on visits to other countries and around his desert kingdom.

The Saudi monarch's 747 will also contain a novelty available only to the ultimate plutocratic hypochondriac—a fully equipped operating theater, run by his personal physician and medics, ready at all times to cope with the royal heart and its problems. Further, there is to be an elaborate built-in communications system so that Dr. Don Effler, the king's favorite cardiac specialist from the famed Cleveland Clinic, can be reached for consultations should an emergency arise in midflight.

Khalid has been treated three times by the American heart specialist—twice in Ohio, and once in Riyadh when he sent his personal jet to fetch the doctor to the palace. Since his kingdom rakes in

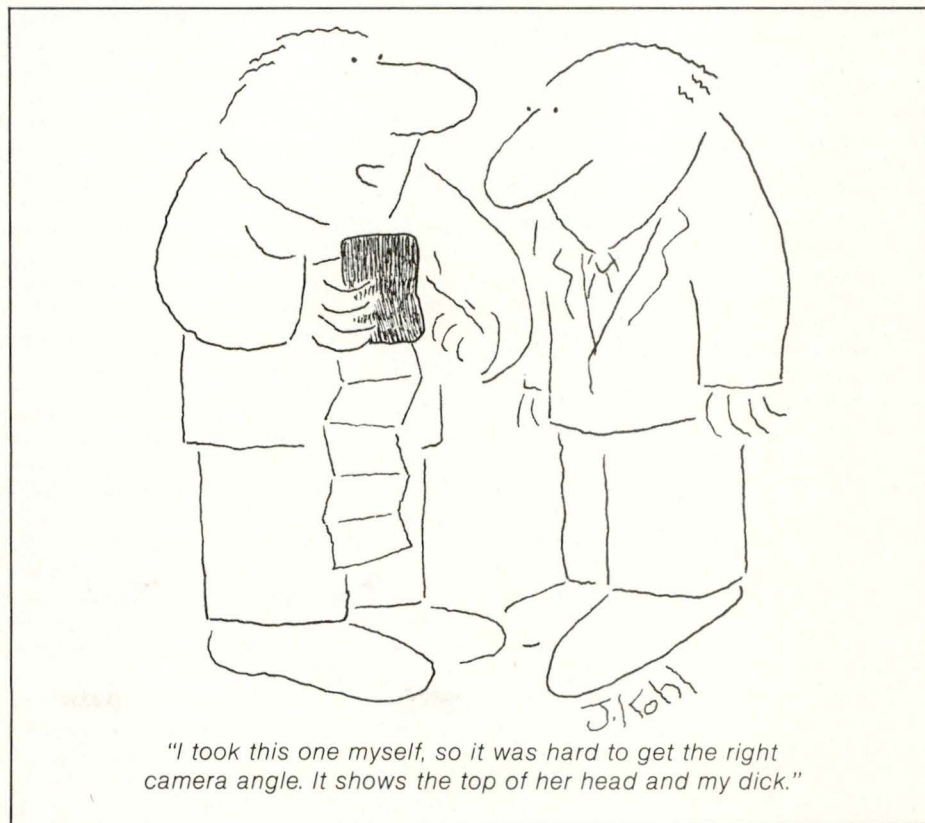
about \$16 million a day from the U. S. alone for oil these days—and since he is literally monarch of all he surveys—Khalid can afford to take sick anytime and anyplace.

One of the newest oil billionaires, Quabus bin Said, the sultan of Oman (a sandy kingdom at the mouth of the Persian Gulf), recently paid \$195,000 to charter a 747 cargo jet to carry home some of the items he picked up on a shopping spree in the U. S. These included: six Cadillac Seattles cut in half and lengthened to accommodate bars, desks and glass sunroofs; a Cadillac Eldorado; six Mercedes-Benz sedans; a \$40,000, 25-foot speedboat; two sleek Targa Porsches; 1,255 pieces of luggage; 16 refrigerators; a gas range; ten tons of automotive tools; two, five-foot-high grapefruit trees; two La-Z-Boy reclining chairs and one slot machine. The Seattles were upholstered with mouton lambskin and two of them were outfitted with bulletproof glass. Three of the cars were painted in red and gold to indicate "royal use only."

Generally speaking, the Gulf sheikhs have responded well to their transition from utter poverty to immense wealth. An exception might be the ruling al-Thani family of Qatar, whose members are noted for being perhaps the meanest and nastiest in all Arabia. The present ruler, Khalifa bin Hamad al-Thani, replaced his own cousin in a coup. The cousin, Ahmed bin Ali al-Thani, had

made quite a stir among family members when he took a flock of sheep with him to the coronation of Britain's Queen Elizabeth II in 1952. He insisted that he could not be parted from his sheep. He herded them to Beirut, put them on a passenger liner to Italy, and continued up the continent with them in a train. It was never quite clear, but some observers felt that he was as fond of his sheep as he was of any of his wives, if not more so. (Bestiality is not unknown in the Middle East.)

It is obvious that Arabs are the *nouveau riche* of our century. In a few short decades they have risen from a spartan nomadic existence to become some of the most affluent men on earth. It is difficult even for them to keep their lives in perspective under the constant pressures of such a drastic change. They have sufficient natural resources and monetary power to threaten the economy of the world—but somehow they can't quite keep their wits about them. The financial weapons that they might muster to force the Western World into submission have been turned on them—their wealth and the need for material gratification have made them easy marks for sharp American entrepreneurs. And they have been seduced by the security of our economic system. The oil sheikhs have been duped by their own prosperity and are paying a costly price to learn the rules of the Western economic game. 🌐



MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column will help to simplify ordering mail-order erotica. We will review any mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll actually receive when you order. Companies that would like to have products reviewed in this column are invited to send sample merchandise and information to: **Mail-Order Feedback (Product Review)**. We'll also tell customers how to deal with mail-order firms and alert our readers to frauds and faulty products.

By Joseph Coyne

PRELUDE TO ORGASM

What has five attachments, is noiseless and vibrates?

- (a) A deformed wino having a convulsion;
- (b) A cow's udder when you slap it;
- (c) Your Aunt Minnie's goiter;
- (d) *Prelude 3*, the new dual-intensity vibrator from Sensory Research Corporation.

I thought it was a cow's udder, but it was *Prelude 3*, the new dual-intensity vibrator from Sensory Research Corp. Because I was the only one in the building who got it wrong, I was given the assignment of "product testing" *Prelude 3*. What that means in layman's terms is finding a young lady who is willing to let you massage her pussy with a vibrator. Now that may sound like a desirable task, but because so many different styles of vibrators have been put on the market (and we try to test them all) there are very few girls left in Columbus who have not been harassed by a *HUSTLER* staffer carrying a vibrator. It's getting so you can't even hum in this city! As a matter of fact, I had to go out of town to find a cooperative girl. She agreed to do it only after I'd told her she could come to our offices and kiss Larry Flynt's chair.

Sensory Research points out in an accompanying booklet that the special stimulator unique to *Prelude 3* was developed with the help of Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, coauthor of the Kinsey report. There is definitely an air of respectability about this vibrator. It's something you would be proud to own. But what it really comes down to is this: Does the goddamn thing work? It might indeed feel good on her kneecaps, and you may discover hidden pleasure points in the small of her back, but will it make her come? (You don't spend \$25 to tickle her knees.) As a consumer-oriented columnist I immediately set forth to answer that very question.

The first attachment I chose was the one the booklet calls "the general massage attachment: for penetrating action on the calves, feet or body." Basically, it's a small, inverted cone-shaped piece of rubber that snaps onto the vibrator. I didn't doubt that

it would feel good on the calves or feet, but I immediately applied it to her nipples and attained the desired result of getting them hard. Next, I snapped on "the facial massage attachment: for massaging the neck or face, smoothing on creams or oils." It's shaped much the same as the general massage attachment, only larger. I turned her over, massaged the cheeks of her ass with it, and she smiled the whole time. Next was "the scalp attachment: for an invigorating head massage." This attachment features about 50 little rubber spikes that dig into the roots of the hair and vibrate vigorously, especially when the vibrator is put on high speed. Needless to say, it was not the hair on her head that I concentrated on. By the time I was ready for the next attachment, her pussy was ready for the fleet. I used "the



body massage attachment: for soothing tense, sore muscles" to work on her clit. It wasn't long before she was coming like a fountain. Although the vibrator was designed primarily with women in mind (which is why it works so well), my crank could stand a massage with it every once in a while. The general massage attachment fits on the head of your dick like a hat and provides relaxing sensations.

From the perspective of the consumer, I would say the test was highly successful and satisfactory. My volunteer was so impressed by *Prelude 3* that she offered to blow me if I let her keep it. I held out for two blow jobs and a car wash. Since she intends to use it often, she immediately filled out the guarantee card and sent it to Sensory Research Corporation. There aren't many mail-order firms that can guarantee you anything at all, which is why I was encouraged to see, in writing, a full one-year guarantee against mechanical defects or poor workmanship. Sensory Research even goes so far as to state that *Prelude 3* may be returned within 30 days from date of purchase—for any reason. *Prelude 3* can be obtained by sending a check or money order for \$24.95 to Sensory Research Corp., 5 Lawrence Street, Bloomfield, New Jersey 07003. Add \$1.25 for postage and handling. Delivery time: four to six weeks.

KEEP 'EM COMING

We would like to thank all the people who have sent letters to *Mail-Order Feedback* concerning their experiences with mail-order firms advertised both in *HUSTLER* and other sources. We cannot possibly publish all the letters we receive, but we do print representative responses concerning specific companies. Of course, the best way to keep informed on mail-order outfits and the products they sell is to read *HUSTLER* each month and save issues for handy reference. We will, however, from time to time provide you with a listing of what we consider to be the best and worst of the mail-order firms. The judgment we make regarding these companies is largely determined by the information we receive from our readers. So, for those who have sent us letters that never appeared in print, please feel confident that they are read and considered, and without them we would not be able to compile our lists. Here are a few dealers that stand above or below the rest.

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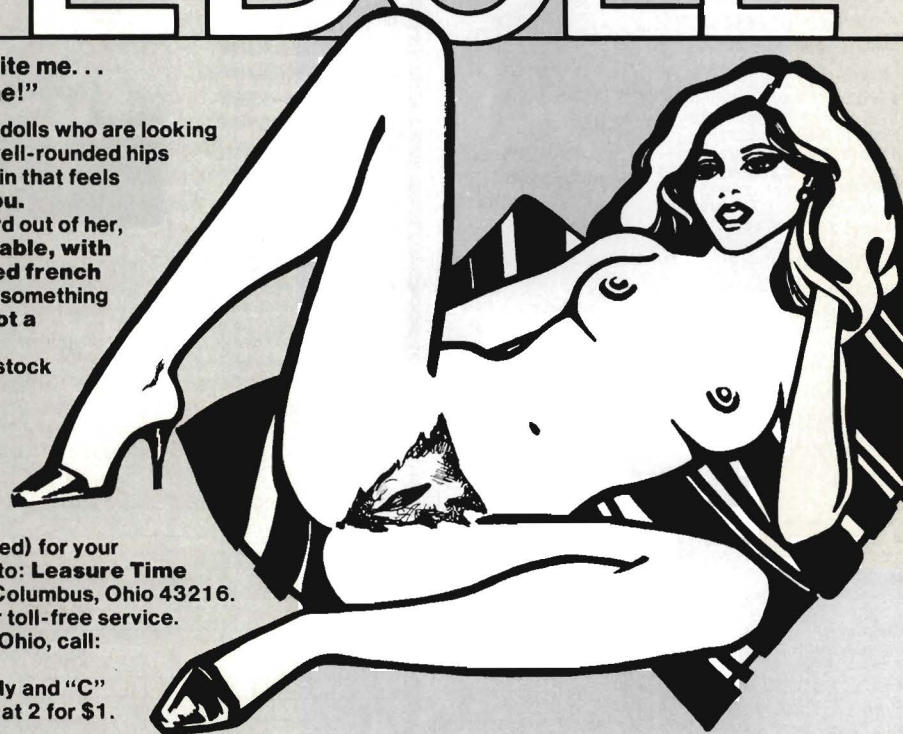
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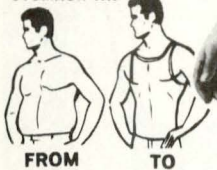
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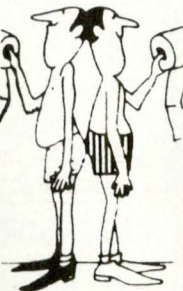
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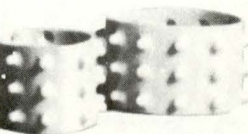
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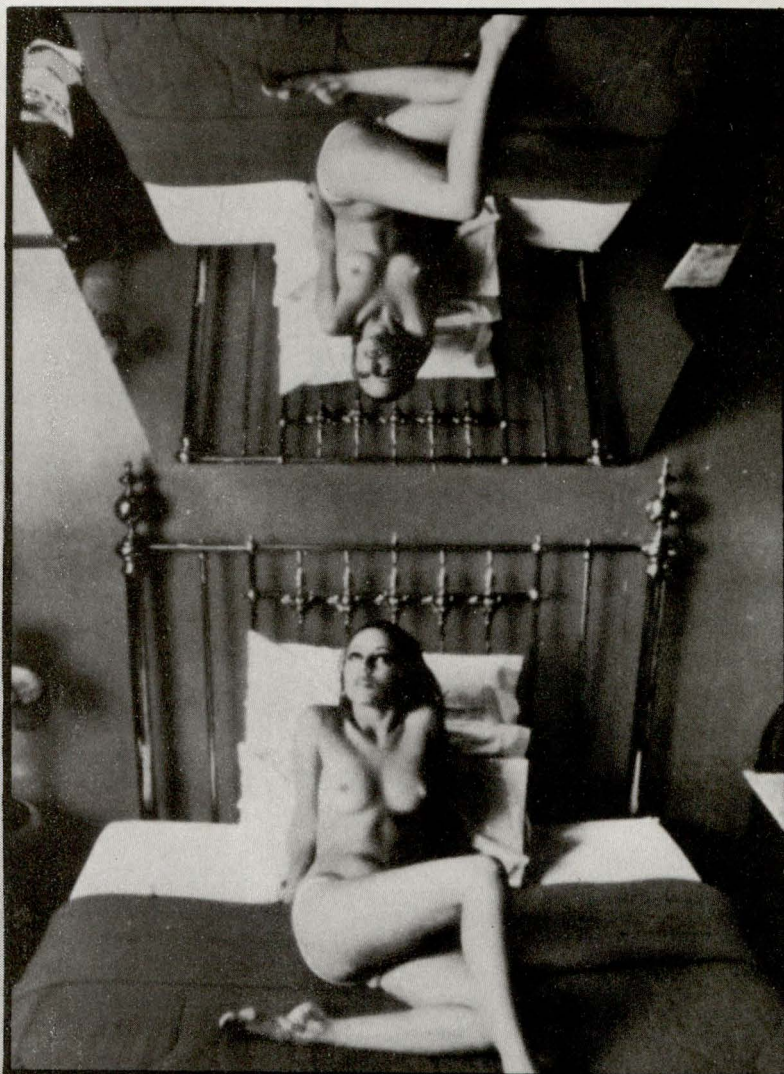
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AUGUST

Preview

COMING
ATTRACTIONS

HOT AND NASTY

CB RIOTS OF 1980—America's largest single group of fanatics raises static over government control of the airwaves in a rebellion of the future. By *Ted Howard*

PROFILE: BARRY REID—A maverick publisher of "how-to" books on fraud and false identification is raking in legitimate coin under his own name. HUSTLER profiles the man behind the paper mask. By *Mike Sheeter*

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS—You've seen the ads, now read the results! Free-lance writer *Frank Fortunato* recounts his field research on the value of swinging singles' guides.

THESE'LL KILL YOU—Cyanide, electricity and speeding bullets are only a few of the ingenious methods of execution man has implemented over the years. Cartoonist *Dan Collins* takes a look at some of the more unusual alternatives.

SEX PLAY: NASAL SEX—Turning your nose up at the scents of sex can detract from your pleasure. Next month's *Sex Play* clears the air of misinformation about the odors of love. By *Michael Toohey*

NO WAY TO SAY GOOD-BYE—Things can never be the same the second time around. A beautiful girl evokes long-buried memories of an early love in HUSTLER's August fiction. By *Harold Norse*

TINA struts her stuff for our centerfold pages, **FREDERIQUE** parts her lips, **KAREN** opens her eyes wide and **ANTOINETTE** gets the hots for her donkey, as HUSTLER presents the four finest foxes you'll see this summer.

PLUS—Eroticism and outhouse humor in **KINKY KORNER**, **BITS & PIECES**, **ADVISE & CONSENT**, **AMATEUR BEAVER HUNT**, **HUSTLER HUMOR**, **MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK** and **HONEY HOOKER**.



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15

YEARS AGO

Lenny Bruce staged
a fight for
freedom of speech.
And it killed him
to lose it.

It's obscene
to think
that the fight
for free speech
is still going
on today.

Actual police photo
taken after Lenny Bruce died
of a heroin overdose
on August 3, 1966